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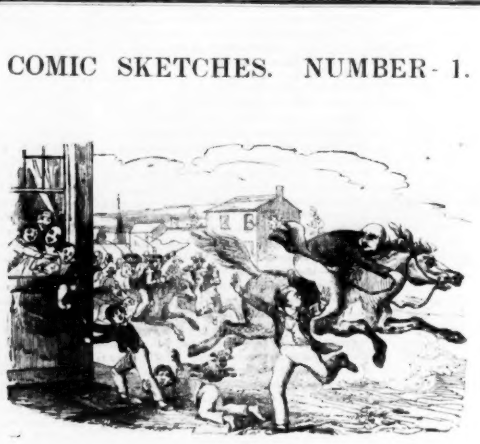

The Captain's Flight.

BY LIEUT. PRINTEROFF.

Some years since, when travelling to join my regiment, the stage-coach broke down in a mountainous district, and the passengers were forced to content themselves with the accommodations of an old ricketty inn, while the vehicle was being repaired. The night was stormy and the rain could be heard pouring in torrents on the unceiled roof overhead. There was but one empty bed in the house, so we unanimously resolved to draw together around the fire and make a night of it. And a merry time we had. A jollier set of fellows never drew a cork or emptied a decanter—heaven be merciful to us for our sins! We tossed off our bumpers hour in and hour out, as coolly as a set of old maids would have drunk their tea—keeping up, all the time, a running fire of jests, songs and comic stories that would have made a hermit laugh in the jaws of death.

There was one of the company, a short sedate looking man, whom I noticed for his unusual taciturnity, and the devotion he paid to the punch. He was always ready, however, to laugh at other people's jokes, and was foremost in pushing the bottle. I began to think he was little better than a nincompoop, until, at length, when some unusually excellent jest had made us laugh until our sides ached again, he held up his glass before him and winking at it said,

"That reminds me of a story, which, if this good company is willing, I will narrate."

Every one expressed his readiness to listen, although I caught several yawning in anticipation of some prosy affair.

"I will first clear the cobwebs from my throat," he said, tossing off the tumbler of punch, and then looking leisurely around the company to see that every one was listening, he leaned with his elbows on the table and began.

"When I was a student, just after the close of the late war, I used to pay occasional visits to Mount Holly, which was even then a passable county town, and remarkable for its pretty girls, its gay winters, and the quantity of wine drank by its bar. There wasn't a lawyer in the place who couldn't carry his two bottles, and as for wit, these barristers were famed for it from Cape May to Hackensack. But it is not so much with the Mount Holly bar as with Captain Slashbey, one of the clients of the wittiest member there, that my story has to do.

"I first met the gallant captain on a hunting excursion into the pines. He was a portly little gentleman, with a rubicund face, a constant flow of humor, and an opinion of his own good looks rather singular, I must say, at forty-five. He had very short legs and a very round person, and altogether reminded you of a fat pigeon walking upright. He had been in the service during the war, and at the reduction of the army, finding himself pretty well in debt, and without a sous in his pockets, had settled at Squankum, a place in the very heart of the cedar swamps. And very convenient it was for Slashbey, for, a sheriff's writ hadn't been seen there in the memory of man. It was once attempted to execute a capias in this heavenly retreat for rogues, but the forgemen and squatters rose in a mass, and though the light horse were ordered out, the arrest had to be given up. Now the captain was a popular man in Squankum, and therefore was as safe as in a sanctuary. He thirsted now and then, it is true, for the good things of civilized life afar off, and would often make a dash into Mount Holly, like a guerilla, taking care, however, to retreat before his creditors had wind of his approach. But at length he grew tired of this life, and determined to extricate himself from it by marrying an heiress; for the captain was a gallant man, you must know, and like Will Honeycombe, had a high notion of his own powers.

"There was a merry little vixen at the county town—a gay witty black-eyed rogue as ever lived—who was, in the captain's opinion, the very pattern for a wife. She had a mouth that would tempt an anchorite—and a waist, egad! that made a man think of the Houris of Mahomet. And then—better than all—she was an heiress to a very pretty fortune, a thing which youngsters may think unnecessary for the wedded life, but which sensible men—let me tell you—know to be the very first requisite for a wife. Undaunted by the crowds of suitors for her hand, Slashbey determined to enter the lists, nothing doubting, on the faith of certain smiles with which she always welcomed him, that he would carry off the prize. He began his preparations like a Napoleon. He bought a new pair of buff cassimeres, endued a shining blue coat with metal buttons, and ordered a wig from the most fashionable *perruquier* in Philadelphia, for unluckily the captain was as bald as a cannon ball. Thus accoutred, he laid regular siege to his charmer, dancing her and sleighing her whenever he could venture out of his cedar swamps without being chased by a bailiff. The heiress smiled on the captain, her suitors cursed the lucky rival, and Slashbey spent his time betwixt studying his glass and and singing 'none but the brave deserve the fair.'

"It was just when he thought he was on the point of success that a grand ball was given at Mount Holly, and the captain, determining to carry his charmer by assault, forgot his usual prudence and escorted the heiress in his gig. Never did the little fellow look so gallant. I was at the ball, and egad! could scarcely keep my eyes off him. His wig was curled irresistibly, his new coat shone with resplendent lustre, his cassimeres fit him as a mould does a bullet, and he sported his new buff gloves with more vanity than a rider does his colors at a race. But, alas! his glory was destined soon to wane. One of his rivals, whose nose the captain had valorously pulled, determining on revenge, had informed the sheriff of Slashbey's whereabouts, and just as he was leading his charmer triumphantly to the dance, the myrmidons of justice pounced on him, and after a desperate struggle he was secured, on the charge of an assault and battery. But this was not the worst. Before the court opened the next day, a dozen writs in civil suits had been lodged against his body. The captain was beside himself. He trembled at the *exposé* of his affairs—he trembled for his heiress.

"'We could laugh this battery out of court,' he said; 'but what the devil can I do with these creditors? I'm a ruined man. And to come just now, the infernal rascals! Oh, Anna Matilda!' he exclaimed with a love lorn look of his crow-feet eyes, 'it's all up with you and your fortune now. What would the fellows of the tenth say if they heard of it!'

"'Cheer up,' said his attorney laughingly; 'your case will come up among the first, and we may yet find a way to get you off. It's all the result of envy. These young boys can't endure that Mars and Apollo should meet together in your person,' and the barrister winked wickedly to me, as Slashbey, marshalled by the sheriff, preceded us into the hall of justice.

"It was with a rueful countenance that he took his seat in the court. The room was densely filled with the usual motley assemblage at a county sessions. Loafers half in rags, and shopmen in the latest cut—portly farmers with huge mud-stained boots, and drovers carrying heavy loaded whips—here a sober Quaker with a broad-rimmed beaver, and there a gay young lawyer with more wit than briefs—long men and short men—fat ones and lean ones—some with merry round faces, and others with countenances as sour as crab-apples—officers and loungers, attornies and clients, filled up every vacant space outside the bar, whiling away the time until the appearance of the judge, by speculating on the prospects of a crop, or discussing the points of a case set down for trial at the term. At length his honor made his appearance, and, bustling and bowing through the crowd, assumed the bench, wiped the perspiration from his rubicund face, coughed with judicial gravity, and ordered the crier to open the court. That high functionary accordingly started to his feet, and in a nasal twang mumbled over a formula which no one could hear distinctly, but which appeared to be a recapitulation of the iniquities of those in authority generally, and of his honor in particular, as it ended with a hope that God would save the commonwealth and the honorable court. After the crier sat down, a very lean man, with a very sharp nose, and a very squeaking voice, called out 'John Smith,' whereupon a little fat man jumped up and said 'here;' but the clerk, without seeming to notice him, went on and called Joseph Thomson, Zerubabel Thomson, Joab Johnson, and the Lord knows how many more Thomsons and Johnsons, all of whom severally jumped up and said 'here.' Then, the jury being empannelled, the case came on, and the attorneys got into towering passions, and seemed as if they could have eaten each other up, while the jury smiled and nodded, and their foreman—the little fat man—stroked his chin and looked extremely wise. After this was gone through with, there was a general buzz through the room, when suddenly the judge cried 'order,' and then the sheriff cried 'order,' and the sleepy constables and tipstaves opened their eyes and echoed 'order' more lustily than either; whereupon his honor turned over one or two big books bound in white calf, consulted his notes for a moment, and then proceeded to sum up the evidence and charge the jury.

"The next case was that of Slashbey—and the same formality was gone through with until about half of the jury had been sworn, when the attorney-general rose to acquaint the court that the panel was exhausted and that therefore he prayed a *tales* from the lookers on. These few and simple words of the attorney-general acted on the spectators like the upsetting of a crowded bee-hive. Instantly there was a rush toward the door. Drovers and farmers, shopmen and gentlemen, staid Quakers and burly topers, all started in the race at once, tumbling and scrambling over each other in their haste to reach the entrance, while the tipstaves shouted 'order' until they were hoarse, and the sheriff and his deputies sprang to the door in order to close it before the egress of their prey. It was a moment of general confusion, and Slashbey was forgotten in the *melée*. Even the judge had eyes only for the scrambling fugitives.

"'Now,' said I, nudging Slashbey, who sat by me not far from the casement; 'now's your time—clear the window at a leap—my horse Thunderer is fastened not twenty yards off—ride like the devil, and don't draw rein till you get to Squankum.'

"Slashbey understood my plan as readily and rapidly as I had conceived it, and, just waiting to see that the coast was clear, he placed his hands on the sill, and, portly as he was, shot through the open window like a bomb, unseen by all except his honor, who caught sight of the fugitive's coat tails as they disappeared outside.

"'An escape!' shouted the judge, starting to his feet; 'sheriff, your prisoner. The captain's off.'

"On the instant the talesmen were forgotten, and sheriff, deputies, tipstaves and freeholders turned around, with open mouths and curious eyes. It was a minute or more before the matter could be explained, and by that time I saw that Slashbey had got mounted. I shouted 'stop thief' at this, and sprang out of the window, as if in pursuit, followed by the sheriff and his constables, tumbling helter-skelter over each other after me. The officers no sooner caught sight of the fugitive than they roared lustily to stop him, while the sheriff bawled for the '*posse comitatus*' like a bull of Bashan. It was no time to respect property, so I followed the example of the officers, and sprang on the first steed I came across, eager to see the fun.

"The court house stood nearly at the opposite end of the village, from that out of which led the road to Squankum, and when I mounted my horse, Slashbey was scouring down the main street some hundred yards ahead. Before a minute, however, the sheriff and his pack were in full cry at the fugitive's heels, while as many of the spectators as could find horses and vehicles started off, a few to aid the law, but most to enjoy the sport. And—by my faith—what a sight it was! Foremost in the chase galloped the sheriff, his hat off and his queue flying behind, bawling himself red in the face by cries of 'stop thief,' 'head him off,' 'maintain the laws,' amid the laughter of some and the shouts of others, of the crowd. At every few leaps Slashbey would turn his face ruefully around to see whether his pursuers gained on him or not—reminding one of Tam O'Shanter, of blissful memory, when he saw the witches yelling after him. The captain would never have won the prize at Astley's for horsemanship, and now, what betwixt his hurry and affright, he rode like a frightened monkey at a circus. Gilpin did not create more excitement in his famous race. The shopmen left their counters—the blacksmith hurried from his forge—the school children followed the pedagogue to the window—and the very chanticleers, unwilling to let the hubbub go by without they partook in it, flapped their wings on the garden fences and crowed lustily. But with your leave, I'll pause to fill my glass, for a man telling a story is like a steam-engine—he can't get on without he keeps the fire blazing.

"The race was now at its height. The uproar was tremendous. Up flew the windows, and out popped the heads. The women shrieked, the pigs squealed, the men laughed, the boys cheered, and a dozen curs hurried yelping and snapping at Thunderer's heels, who, alarmed at the hue and cry around him, pricked up his ears, snorted, and fairly taking the bit in his teeth, went off at a frantic pace. You would have died with laughter had you seen Slashbey then. Holding on to the rein with one hand, he grasped the mane desperately with the other, and, sticking his feet up to the heels in the stirrup, he leaned forward until he lay almost prostrate on the horse's neck, while the tails of his coat flying up behind disclosed the fair rotundity beneath, over which his shining new buff cassimeres were stretched as tight as a drum-head. At every leap he bounced three feet from the saddle. The shouts of the *posse* in his rear increased, while the captain's rueful looks behind became more frequent. Some cried 'murder,' others bawled 'stop thief.' The perspiration poured down the captain's cheeks. He gasped for breath. And, to crown all, as he got opposite his charmer's dwelling, a puff of wind swept off his wig—for his hat had been left in the court house in his hurry—and the envied locks sailing away to the rear amid convulsive shouts of laughter on the part of the crowd, betrayed the bald pate of Slashbey glistening like burnished silver in the sun.

"'Go it, fat 'un, and never mind the scratch,' roared a ragged spectator.

"'Hip—ho—heave ahead there,' shouted another, shaking a missile at the fugitive.

"'Whow—whow—whoa,' halloed others, running out in front of Thunderer and waving their arms and hats before his eyes, but scampering hither and thither as soon as the frightened steed drew near.

"The captain felt his heart sink within him at this accumulation of disasters, and he could scarcely summon courage to look up, but he made a desperate effort, and—oh! shades of the gallant tenth—there was his mistress at the window pointing to his glossy pate, and laughing until the tears ran out of her eyes.

"The captain felt that his last hope was gone, and in a moment of despair would have reined in his horse, but Thunderer took the matter in his own hands and kept on at a thrashing pace, amid the shouts and pelting of the crowd. He dashed down the cross-street, clattered over the bridge, and in a few minutes crossed the brow of the neighboring hill in a cloud of dust. The motley group in pursuit kept on, but when Thunderer's metal was up there wasn't his match in the whole country, so that before long, one after another of the *posse* drew in, leaving only the sheriff and his deputies in pursuit. These, too, gave out before they reached the vicinity of the enchanted land, in other words, the cedar swamps this side of Squankum.

"The joke clove to the captain's name closer than a brother. The little vixen of an heiress had all along been coquetting with 'the gallant warrior,' and she was the loudest among the laughers at her wigless beau. She filled up Slashbey's cup of sorrow by marrying, shortly after, the gallant whose nose the captain had pulled."

"What branch of the service," asked a spooney linen draper from the bottom of the table, after the laughter had somewhat subsided, "did you say your friend belonged to?"

"I didn't particularise," coolly said the narrator, "but I believe it was the *flying* artillery."

Written for the Saturday Evening Post

Invocation to Spring.

BY F. D. ANDERSON.

Come gentle spring while all around is waking,
And song birds warble from the opening trees,
Whilst nature from her wintry sleep is breaking,
And perfume's borne upon the flowery breeze
Seen is thy footprints on each verdant hill,
And in the slumbers of the silvery lake,
Heard is thy music in the murmuring rill
That scarce the stillness of the season's break.

The fleecy clouds rest on the mountain's brow
Bright winged and joyous are the early birds,
The leaping cataracts deck the hill side now,
And in the valleys graze the sportive herds
Gay sunlight dances on the flower decked stream
That flings its jewels round its wandering way
And dew drops glittering in the morning's beam
Add riches to the crest of spring's glad day

The balmy breeze comes o'er the brow as sweet
As does the magic of a loved one's kiss,
And sighing pines bow their proud heads to *greet*
The yielding impress of a scene like this
All, all is beauty—from the moss-crowned dell
Where springs the sweetness of the hermit rose—
Comes up an incense—like a wizard's spell
That o'er the haunted spot a magic throws.

Beneath the arches of the time-decked wood
Whose dusky foliage shades those solemn isles
Ere lonely there, the modest wild flower stood
Where scarce a sunbeam on the darkness smiles
There too thy presence is—and heard, and seen—
In gale and streamlet and in nature's voice,
Bidding thee welcome as their gemmed queen
And singing in their thousand tones rejoice.

The river sleeping in the midnight beams
Whose gentle flow makes music to the winds
Wakes from its trance, as children from their dreams
And breaks the slumber that its journey binds
From every cot is breathed the voice of song,
Glad hearts are singing in their careless glee
Beneath the moon is seen the merry throng
And hearts and voices joined in melody.

Such are the offerings that thy presence brings,
And such we lay upon thy altar here,
And these we offer in our worshippings
And bid thee welcome with thy annual cheer.
Then come bright spring with gladsome song and flowers
Bright as the dreams that visit us in sleep
Come with thy twilight thoughts and joyous hours
Fresh springing from the fount of Nature deep!

Philada 1842.

A Good Business.

A Dutch member of the Pennsylvania Assembly, having returned home from a session, was asked by a neighbor what had been done by the Legislature? "I don't know what others have done," replied he, "but I have cleared one hundred dollars for mine self."

Original Novel.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post

Ringwood the Rover.

A Tale of Florida.

BY H. W. HERBERT, AUTHOR OF "CROMWELL," "THE BROTHERS," &c.

Our plough the galley, and our steeds the breeze—
Our harvest field the broad and bounding seas—
Ours is the golden crop from zone to zone
Our birthright all that slaves and dastards own.

CHAPTER I.

The earliest dawning of a lovely summer day in the year 1659, was pouring its sweet light, unclouded yet with that fierce heat which renders almost insupportable the noontide hours, over the forests which encircled with a belt of everlasting verdure the Spanish city of St. Augustine. It was already in those days a place of much importance, with nunneries, and steepled churches, and terraced dwellings, with white walls and jalousies peeping from out the foliage of dark orange groves, and all those beautiful peculiarities of semi-Moorish taste, which lend so much of poetry and of romance to the old towns of Spain. It had its flanking walls, its fitches, and its palisades, presenting their impregnable resistance to the fierce and wily Indian, whom the relentless cruelty of the white colonist, of whatsoever nation, had at length goaded into systematic and continual hostility; its seaward bastions, with water-gate and demilune, mounted with heavy cannon, and garrisoned by old Castilians, under an officer who bore the style of royal governor.

Such was the aspect of the place at the conclusion of the first century which had elapsed since its foundation; nurtured into undue maturity by the stern bigotry and energetic enterprise of that land, which had filled the southern continent with giant cities, over whose ramparts floated its proud motto of Plus Ultre, marking every spot whereon its sons had set a foot by massacre and bloodshed and drained from El Dorado—as they justly termed it—those vast but fatal treasures, which raised it for a little while above all nations of the earth, only to plunge it in the end into effeminacy and ruin and effete barbarism.

The heavy dews, as they were exhaled by the rising day god, teemed with the incense of unnumbered perfumes wafted from the ten thousand vegetable wonders which had given name to that peninsula, wherein credulity, insatiate of all that nature had bestowed with profuse bounty, had placed the seat of all those monstrous fictions which alchemists had palmed upon their dupes, until they brought themselves to deem them real. The land-breeze swept far seaward the rich odors from the orange groves, and the vast forests whence gleamed frequently the snowy chalices of the superb magnolia, and the dense star-like blossoms of the flowering dogwood, and curled the azure waters of the Gulf into a thousand tiny wavelets which sparkled with innumerable smiles to the bright heaven, while the thrilling and prolonged notes of the emulous mocking-birds—nightingales of the west, with scarce inferior song—made every thing resound with their rich liquid melody. On earth—on ocean—and in the cloudless ether all was calm, lovely, peaceful—but on the bastions of the town there was the din of arms, the dissonant harsh clang of mingled voices, the hurrying to and fro of soldiery, the long roll of the drum beating to arms in haste, blent with the piercing strain of trumpets, and the continuous peal of bells, rung backward, as it seemed, in token of dismay and danger.

Beneath the yellow flag with its tri-castled blazonry, surrounded by a group of noble-looking men, clad for the most part in the half-armor of the day, with much of waving plumage, rich lace, and fair embroidery, stood the governor, Juan Melendez de Aviles, descendant of that Pedro, of the same noble name, who, by an exertion of both skill and valor, which had they not been tarnished by the most fiendish cruelty, would have been deemed heroical, won for the second Philip that fair province, from the French Huguenots of Coligny. The eyes of all that little group were intently fixed on the sea, from which it would appear the apprehended danger—if apprehended danger it were, that gave rise to those tokens of surprise and preparation—was most to be expected; and in the visages of all, an evident expression of anxiety and doubt was marked, in its least doubtful characters. But in the face of no one there, were there such signs of perturbation and dismay, as in that of the governor. He was a man of large and heavy build, a veteran of many a bloody war, with limbs, which, although deprived somewhat of agility and lightness by the unsparing hand of time, were cast in a mould of iron; his features prominent, bold, and haughty, with a world of iron resolution in the firmly-compressed mouth and massive jaw, and a glance of intolerable fire in the dark eye; and his bearing, such as became a cavalier, to whom the camp and court had been alike familiar from his first boyhood. But now his rich dress was in disarray; a leathern shoulder-belt with an immense two-handed sword attached to it, and a display of cumbersome and ill-wrought pistols thrust hastily into broad buff-girdle, assorted ill with a fair garb of courtly fashion; his long hair, once as black as jet, but now discolored with full many a streak of wintry gray, hung in disordered masses over his broad brow, lank, and uncurled, and graceless—and on his brow the perspiration stood in drops, like bubbles on the bosom of some turbid stream—and the deep olive tints of his complexion wore an unnatural and ghastly hue—and, as he grasped a powerful perspective-glass with which he ever and anon swept the horizon, his fingers might be seen to work in quick convulsive twitches, as though they would have bedded themselves into the polished brass.

"Nothing!" he said, after a long and wistful gaze, "I can see nothing seaward. Yet right sure am I, that those sounds were of far-distant ordnance. It is the twelfth too of the month, and long ere this, the caravel we were advised of, should have been safe in harbor. Hark! hark! heard ye not then," he cried, "heard ye not that dull roar to the eastward? Pedro, Gutierrez, hearken—what say ye, cavaliers, is't not the voice of ordnance?"

"Past doubt, it is," replied the elder of the gentleman he had addressed, "and heavy ordnance too."

"And lo! a sail!" exclaimed the other, who had directed his glass instantly toward the quarter whence the sounds proceeded, "I marvel how we saw her not before. Here! here your Excellency! here! bring you palmetto in the range of the east angle of the demilune, and you will catch her! Now, by St. Jago, I can see her to the courses; three tiers of wide-spread canvass!"

"I have her now," replied Melendez thoughtfully, "I have her now. 'Tis she; it is El Santo Espiritu past doubt; but wherefore was she firing? Pray Heaven, these cursed English, these infernal rovers, be not upon her track!"

"I fear me much it is so," answered Gutierrez, "I fear me much it is so; for ever and anon, I fancy I catch glimpses, as they rise upon the waves, of smaller sails behind, and further yet to the eastward. Lo! now, in range with yon skiff upon the beach—there! it has sunk again—and now, again, I catch it!"

"Ay! and again she fires! pray Heaven she have the heels of them; once under our guns, she were in safety from any armament which they can bring against her!"

Meanwhile the vessel, which had been first seen hull-down in the far offing, was rising rapidly as she drew near, not having met as yet the counter influence of the land-breeze—but scarce less rapidly rose, one by one, the smaller barques, which had at first escaped the notice of the eager and excited watchers; until five low and rakish craft, with long yardarms and lateen sails, might be distinctly seen in chase of the tall frigate. One somewhat larger than the rest, three-masted, but of the same taunt and picarooning build, was now so near astern, that she was able to keep up a constant firing from her bow-guns, which the caravel returned with her stern-chasers; though it was evident by the rate at which she rode the waves, staggering along with every stitch of sail set that could draw, that she was most sincerely anxious to avoid close action with her diminutive antagonist. An hour had elapsed at most since she had been at first made out; and had there been anything of real doubt as to the nation of the frigate, or the character of her pursuers, that doubt was now entirely at an end; for at the distance of about five miles, by aid of the strong glasses, it was not difficult to note the castled bows and poop of the tall caravella, bristling with culverin and demi-cannon, or to distinguish the proud bearings of Castile upon the yellow colors, which, in the hope perhaps of bringing help and succor from the friendly fort and city, she wore not only at her three mastheads, but at the bowsprit-end, and at some six or seven other points conspicuous in her rigging. Meanwhile, the foremost of the chasing squadron had hoisted at her main the snowy field of England, with the broad bright St. George's cross, while, at the peak of each one of her long yard-arms, a blooded flag with the black skull and cross-bones proclaimed her real character.

And now the agony of Juan de Melendez had become fearfully, intensely, visible; to and fro on the narrow esplanade above the water-gate, with quick, uneven steps, and features haggard with excitement, did he stalk during that long hour; now pausing for an instant to note the progress of the chase, and now with a despairing gesture again resuming his distracted walk—his officers surveying him the while with looks denoting deep commisseration, but more of that surprise, which must have been felt by men ignorant of the cause of his strange gestures and bewildered mien.

"She will escape them yet! Be of good cheer," cried one, a young and noble-looking gallant, "be of good cheer, your Excellency; she brings the sea-breeze up with her right manfully!"

"Ay doth she," cried another, "for the nonce; but wait till she strike the counter-blast; lo! you may see it ruffling the surface now within a mile of her!"

"And when she doth," exclaimed the younger officer, "She can beat in, I trow; tack and tack, merrily; and they can but beat after her. Why in half an hour more she will be safe here, under our batteries!"

"Not so! not so!" cried Juan de Melendez mournfully, "she never will lie here at anchor any more, if she trust to her sails! Curse on the fool Davila, that turns not on that paltry picaroon, and crushes her at three broadsides before her consorts may come up! See you not, Pedro! and see you not, Diego, who art a mariner so skilful—see you not that the sea-breeze even now has failed them, and that the land-wind dies away momently! God! God of my fathers! that we must stand here helpless, and strike no blow in her behalf. Yet! yet! if he would tack, while he hath way upon her, he might engage the pirate yardarm to yardarm, and so quell him; but even now he loses; he *hath* lost it! His sails flap idly to the mast; it is dead calm! Fool! fool! accursed fool! and he hath anchored."

"But it is no less calm for them! picaroons though they be, and manned by devils, yet cannot they make sail, more than the caravella!"

"Look!" was the sole reply of the well-nigh distracted governor—"Look!"—and it needed but a glance, to show that the ill-fated frigate had now, indeed, no hope but in the vigor of her own defence—for low and light, and built no less for oars than sails, the wind had scarcely left them, a half league at the most astern of the Spaniard, ere they had furled their lateen sails, and getting out their sweeps, came up scarce slower than before, crowded with men whose weapons might be seen momentarily glancing to the broad sunshine.

"My child—great God—my child!"—cried Juan de Melendez, his pale features writhing with horrible intensity of anguish—"Would, would that thou wert dead, Teresa! And is all lost!—is all lost, gentlemen!—Shake not your heads, look not so gloomily upon me; can ye devise no scheme, no hope, no possibility—and yet how should ye, when we have neither barque, nor boat, nor even stone enough of pirogues in the bay, to bear them any succor? Oh! would, would Heaven, that I had died, I care not how disgracefully, so that I were *but* dead, ere I had been so fettered here, to look thus helpless on the murder of my comrades—the worse than murder of mine innocent and lovely child!—and, thou, Don Amadis, thou who hast dared to lift the eyes of love to her—canst thou stand statuelike and mute, and strike no blow for her! Canst thou endure almost to hear the shrieks, almost to look upon the form, of her thou wouldst have wedded, writhing in agony in the foul arms of the licentious buccaneer! A man! a gentleman! ha! ha! a soldier—ha! ha! ha!—a man, a gentleman, a soldier, and an old Castilian look tamely on the violation of his bride, before the very eyes of her insulted father!"

"Answer him not, Don Amadis"—the grayhaired veteran Pedro interposed—"answer him not, I pray; this is sheer madness—the pardonable madness of parental anguish! And you, So Juan"—he continued, turning to the half-frantic governor—"think you not if we were to clear the long guns of the southern bastion, we might yet drive those picarooning scoundrels from their prey—methinks the caravella lies even now within their range!"

"No! no! you but deceive yourselves—there is no hope! none! none! Nathless we may essay it—and see, Lavila hath slipped even now his cables, hath got his boats out, and tows cheerily towards us. Away there, ye knave cannoneers, clear the long culverins, ourselves, we will go down and point them." And with these words, followed by all his train, he hastily rushed down the narrow stairway of the rampart, passed through the sally-port, and in a moment was engaged among the guns, with an anxiety and zeal that for a moment quelled his mental agony.

The caravella now was but a short mile from the seaward batteries, towed by the whole strength of her crew, rowing with that tremendous energy which consciousness that all is centred in his own exertions, lends to the meanest and the feeblest man that draws the breath of life! One half a mile more would have ensured here safety. It was a fearful chase! So close behind her was the best manned and largest of the picaroons, that now the fire, which had been for a while suspended, again became hot, animated, and destructive. And now the mizzen of the caravel came thundering, with all its hamper, over her groaning side, encumbering her fatally, and lessening her way through the calm waters; while at the sight a long, loud yell of savage exultation burst from the desperadoes, who had wrought that ruin, and penetrated even to the ears of the appalled spectators. Hitherto no opportunity had been given to the Spaniards on the fortress for firing a gun in aid of their companions; since the three masted galley, conscious of her advantage, kept herself by her sweeps and oars under the stern of the tall frigate, raking her fore and aft by the continual fire of her single gun, a culverin of the first class, avoiding thus alike the heavy ordnance of her broadside, and the yet heavier metal of the batteries, which were deterred from firing lest they should injure their own friends! But now two other of the pirates, which, in the chase, had made each a long circuit on the starboard and the larboard tacks, keeping as much as possible out of the frigate's range, having shot far ahead of her, changed suddenly their course, putting their bows each right toward the other, and pulling with great speed to cut her off from her desired haven. On these, at the same instant, opened the frigate's fire, gun after gun from both broadsides, a fierce incessant cannonade! and the tremendous salvo of the batteries. The whole shore seemed to rock with the concussion; the little air there had been heretofore, stilled by the fearful shock, sunk utterly; and, ere ten minutes had elapsed, the surface of the water was covered by a dense mass of volumed smoke, so closely packed that not an eye of all who gazed so fearfully upon the scene, could note vessel, or boat, or any living being though still from out the vapory cloud, the glare of the incessant cannonading might be seen crimsoning the misty wreaths, which every shot augmented.

"Hold! hold!" after a while exclaimed Melendez, "let the smoke lift, this random firing goes for nought; let it lift, we shall see anon!"

And at his orders instantly the firing from the battery stopped, but not for that did the dense vapors lift at all from the still surface of the waters, nor did the prospect brighten—fed constantly as were those murky clouds by the continual cannonading of the vessels, which in no degree ceased or abated. If the sight had been anxious heretofore, the interest appalling, when every motion of assailant or assailed might be distinctly noticed, what must have been the anguish now, the agony of expectation, when the fierce work of death was doing at their very doors, under the muzzles of their cannon, and they might neither see, nor judge by any sense or sign, to which side fortune was inclining. The first sound that attracted any near attention, was the quick dash of oars close to the beach; and, as each countenance was instantly directed to the joyful echo, boat after boat of those—it needed not a second glance to tell it—which had been last seen towing shoreward El Santo Espiritu, loomed through the dusky veil, and, almost as they came in sight, grated upon the shingly beach; while their crews throwing down their oars, rushed madly up the slope in desperate confusion toward the sally-port!

"Ten thousand curses on the dogs!" fiercely hissed Juan de Melendez through his hard-set teeth, "they have deserted her! but not the better shall they fare for that; level your harquebusses, guard! depress your culverins; sweep the deserting scoundrels from the earth!"

But to his fiery command no answer was returned, and no obedience rendered; for during the last pause the firing had sunk, and from the bosom of the smoke, wild cheers, and all the tumult of a heavy fight were now distinctly audible. In a few seconds' space, the vapors gradually lightened, so that the vessels might be seen, though faintly, clustered together in close contact. Anon the breeze came up again, fitful at first and faint, but freshening at every moment; and then, whirled upward from the now rippling waters, the smoky masses were swept bodily to leeward, leaving the whole of the bright bay, the verdant shores, and the pure heavens rejoicing in the gorgeous sunshine.

Fair in the middle of that bay lay the devoted caravella, her sheets loosened and her canvass flying disorderly and wild, while grappling to her sides, her stern, her bows, the low barques of the pirates hemmed her in, their savage crews mounting her bulwarks in resistless numbers, their brandished weapons glancing to the sun, and their appalling yells deadening the hearts of all who heard them. Unharmed by the guns from the too distant ramparts, the light picaroons had succeeded in cutting in between the frigate and her boats; leaving no chance of safety to the latter but precipitate and sudden flight, and to the former no hope, save the precarious chances of a pirate's mercy. Nor was it long in doubt to the spectators what was that mercy; for ere the fight, or massacre more properly, upon her decks had ceased, the wily desperadoes anchored just without cannon shot; and as the Spanish ensign was torn down, amid a tumult of tremendous exultation, man after man of the defendants was hurled overboard, so that their terror-stricken countrymen upon the battlements might see the waters, ever as they fell, lashed into froth and spray by the ferocious sharks, which, taught by their voracious instincts the consequence of battle, seized each one, as he touched the surface, tugging and snapping at each other for every palpitating morsel. And still more terrible than this the howls of men—howls such as nothing but the utmost and most excruciating tortures could force from human lips—mixed with the shriller and more piteous shrieks of women, told that the fate of those, who had become a prey to the disgusting fish, was but a boon of mercy when compared to the more awful doom of those preserved from the first carnage to satiate the victor's love of blood or beauty.

All day long did this fearful sight continue—all day long were the heavens polluted, by the atrocious deeds they were compelled to witness, pierced by the frantic cries of those who called on them in vain for succor or for mercy. The evening was now drawing nigh, although, perhaps, some three hours yet remained of daylight, when by a simultaneous movement on the frigate's decks, it might be judged that some new project had been fixed on by the buccaneers. Nor were the garrison devoid, if not of absolute fear, at least of much anxiety; since it was evident that their relentless enemies were in great force, not counting less, as they might calculate—from the known habits of the Caribbean pirates of stowing in their long low barques, as many men as possibly could be contained in them—than seven hundred or perhaps a thousand soldiers; more fighting-men than which St. Augustine could not at that day have turned out, though to preserve herself from utter ruin. Nor was it contrary by any means, or foreign to the policy of these far-dreaded rovers to attack villages, or even forts and cities, when in sufficient numbers to render success probable, and when enough of plunder, or of licentious pleasure might be looked forward to, as the result of their bold daring! A levy of the citizens *en masse* was instantly resorted to, arms were distributed, even among the slaves, whose terrors, not inferior to those of their masters, rendered it safe to trust them with the weapons which at another time they would have probably directed against the bosoms of the givers. Cannon were levelled, ammunition piled by every gun, and all precautions taken which could ensure a desperate resistance. The pallor and the gloom had passed away from the dark visage of Melendez, with the uncertainty which had so terribly distracted him. Sure as he felt himself now to be, that she, his treasured child, the only being on whom his stern soul doated, had endured the last and most appalling wo that can befall a woman! that now her agonies—her innocence—her woes—were at an end for ever! he had again resumed his soldierly and high demeanor! His face was deeply flushed; and his eyebrows contracted over the fiery orbs they shaded, till these could scarcely have been noted but for the flashes of fierce light which they at times shot forth. His lips alone were pale and ashy, so violent was their compression over his clenched teeth!

"Would God," said he, when every preparation was concluded, "would God, that they might try it! So should they feel a father's vengeance!"

Nor did it seem improbable that his vengeful prayer would be immediately and fully granted; for now the pirate-barques might be observed to put off, one by one from the dismantled and abandoned frigate; a single small boat only waiting, as it would seem, for their commander. Diverging slowly, and in opposite directions, but carefully preserving a safe distance from the batteries, they came to anchor each after each, the nearest about half a mile from their prize; and as the last swung round, the crew of the remaining skiff were seen getting in all haste to their oars. By aid of their naked eyes the Spaniards now beheld a group of officers appear upon the bulwarks of the caravel, from which were lowered instantly three figures, two of which were females, into the cutter at the gangways. All, then, passed over the ship's side, but one, who, disappearing for a moment, through the cabin hatch, returned bearing a lighted flambeau; deliberately then he set on fire, in some twenty different places, the slighter cordage and the sails of the ill-fated ship, and ere he glided down a rope into his boat the forked tongues of flame might be seen darting up the shrouds and masts, like fiery serpents; and in a few short minutes the whole of that magnificent and stately fabric, which had so lately walked the waters like a thing of life, was one huge pyramid of roaring and devouring flame. Strongly and rapidly did that boat's crew give way, and little time enough had they to place themselves in safety; for fired already in the hold before they left her, they had not traversed half the space between her and their nearest barque, before, with an explosion that might be heard leagues away into the pathless forest, startling the wild beast and the wilder Indian in his lair, and with a wide and circling glare that for an instant made the broad daylight pallid, the caravel blew up! A mass of pitchy smoke settled for a short space upon the water where she lay; and as it drifted seaward, a few rent planks and mouldering spars were all remaining of that noblest work of man's invention.

After a little while, the skiff came to under the lee of the three-masted picaroon, and nothing more was seen by the excited Spaniards, until a burst of flame from a bow-port of the felucca, and the dull roar of an unshotted gun, woke their attention. With the report down came the English ensign from the fore, down came the red flag from her peak, and in succession a broad white field, in sign of truce and amity, waved in the place of each. Upon the signal, each in succession of the pirates fired a leeward gun, and hoisted a white flag; and next, ere half an hour had elapsed, all the boats of the squadron, twenty at least in number, might be seen to put off from the barques, each bearing the same amicable signal at their bows; and after joining, which they did at the first practicable point, to pull on steadily, in beautiful and accurate array, toward the shore.

Eagerly did the Spaniards watch these singular manœuvres, and with keen scrutiny did they observe each several barge; but it was not until they had arrived within a short space of the beach, that they might make out clearly the forms or features of those who occupied them. Nor could they as yet do this to their satisfaction, when observing that no flag of truce was displayed from the ramparts, they became stationary, just without the surf, pulling a stroke or two at times merely to hold their own, for the tide was now fast ebbing. Scarce had they halted, before a figure rose up in the bow of the central boat—a powerful barge pulling with forty oars—and waving a white flag about his head, shouted some words, which did not reach, however, the ears for which they were intended, although there could be no doubt of their import.

"Shall we respond to their signal, fair Senor?" exclaimed the veteran Diego, "I trow 'twere best to answer them! it may be well, they hold some of our friends to ransom!"

"No truce; no flag!" fiercely replied Melendez, "I wanted but to get them within our point blank range! take good sight, cannoneers! look to your matches! fi—"

"Hold! for God's sake hold!" cried young Don Amadis, leaping before the muzzle of the gun, and grasping by the arm the impetuous governor. "See you not there," and, with the eyes almost starting from his head, and lips apart, and outstretched hands, he pointed to the signal-boat. "See you not it is she!"

Slowly Melendez caught his meaning—turned his glass towards the barge, wherein the quick eye of the youthful lover had detected the form of his intended bride—dropped it from his unnerved and powerless hand—and, with a quick shrill cry—"My daughter—my Teresa" sunk helpless as a child, into the arms of his attendants; while, catching instantly their cue, the cannoneers flung down their linstocks, and in three minutes' time a flag of truce was waving in the place of Castile's gorgeous blazonry.

CHAPTER II.

Scarcely had the white flag of truce replaced the castled blazonry of Spain, before a loud hail rang from boat to boat throughout the pirate squadron, and the large forty-oared barge leading, they pulled so swiftly shoreward, that scarce a moment seemed to have elapsed before the whole flotilla was battling against the heavy surf, that tumbled in, with its deep booming roar upon the narrow stripe of sand which lay between the bastions and the sea—and scarce another passed before they were beached high and dry, with their oars shipped, in easy shot of harquebus from water-gate and demi-lune. A more superb and gorgeous spectacle can hardly be imagined, than was presented to the eye on the disembarcation of the buccaneers; for such at that time were the profits of their lawless and unholy trade, that not the meanest mariner who toiled before the mast, but had his gala suit of velvet and embroidery, his silken hose, his arms inlaid with gold and silver, and his rich chain of precious metal about his brawny neck; and, as it ever was their wont, when on the eve of battle, to don their most magnificent attire, all now, from the great captain downward to the humblest rower, were decked in such pomp as to put to shame even the splendid uniforms of the Castilian cavaliers. It was, however, on the great barge that every eye was riveted; for in her bow a group was seated, that must have awakened the most lively interest even in a stranger's bosom—upon a pile of cushions covered with crimson damask, a portion evidently of the spoil snatched from the hapless caravella, exposed to the full glare of the burning sun, reclined a girl of most rare loveliness. Sixteen or seventeen years at the utmost had passed over her fair head, but they were years of a ripe southern climate, and so just was the rich swelling outline of her every limb, so perfect the development of her whole figure, that in less genial regions she would have been taken for a woman of some four or five-and-twenty summers. Her complexion was of that rich and sunny tint peculiar to the most lovely regions of the European continent; her hair black as the raven's wing, and if it be possible even more lustrous—although it had been braided closely above her high pale brow—disordered now, and torn from its symmetrical arrangement, flowed in dishevelled masses over her neck and shoulders; while one or two stray tresses falling upon a bosom, that might have vied in beauty with that of the Medicean Venus, afforded a strange contrast by their jetty blackness, to the almost unnatural whiteness of the pure spotless flesh, on which they rested—for not her tresses only, but all her vestments had been disarranged and rent by the licentious grasp of ruffian hands; the graceful folds of the mantilla were no longer there, to lend their friendly shade to those sweet modest features; the full basquina of dark silk had been stripped violently from those lovely limbs, now all too much disclosed through the thin draperies of the single linen garment, which a precarious mercy had conceded to her virgin blushes. Nor had this wretched boon been granted as it would seem without reluctance, perhaps without the violent interposition of some powerful protector; for, from the neck quite downward to the girdle, it had been riven open by some cruel hand, which had left on it sullied folds the distinct score of five ensanguined fingers, and now fell wide apart, revealing to the wanton sunbeams, one sloping ivory shoulder, and the whole of the voluptuous bosom, which never had before been so unveiled, even to the chaste glance of the maiden moon. Her exquisitely rounded arms, bare to the shoulders, were bound fast behind her back, and the small foot, which peeped forth from below the hem of the chemise, was not unsandalled only, but encrusted with a deep crimson coat of human gore, contracted from the bloody decks of the ill-fated caravella.

At the feet of this lovely being, whose cheeks, pallid with agony and terror, had long forgot to blush in the extremity of anguish, bound like her mistress and yet more brutally despoiled of her apparel, crouched a negro girl, whose skin of the most polished jet, relieved the pale complexion of the Spanish lady, even as a pedestal of sable marble sets off a statue wrought in snow white alabaster. A little way apart from these, there lay a slender stripling, whose unfledged chin was not yet clothed with the first down of manhood, fettered so torturingly hand and foot, that the blood oozed in large broad gouts from the pores of his swollen limbs; while a long gash on his forehead, about which his close-curled locks were stiff with clotted gore, and his whole person swart, with the smoke of gunpowder, and dabbled with the blood of both himself and his assailants, showed plainly that his desperate resistance had been the cause of these unnatural and needless bonds. Erect behind this miserable group, standing aloft upon the rocking thwarts, as firmly as if his feet were planted on the solid earth, one finger of his right hand slightly leaning against the slender staff, whence waved the flag of truce, towered far above the rest, one whose commanding aspect and proud bearing, no less than his gorgeous dress, at once bespoke him the commander of the buccaneers. Six feet at least in height, broad shouldered, and deep-chested, his person, notwithstanding, was so admirably round, his waist so slender, and all his limbs just in their proportions, so compact in their easy contour, that the extraordinary and almost herculean power of his frame was not observable, but on a close and accurate survey. His lineaments were, although wearing a mingled expression of licentiousness, effrontery, and daring decided, regular and even handsome; nor was there any line or trait which could betoken cruelty or fierceness. The eyes of a deep grayish blue, although large and well-opened, were rather sleepy than the reverse, in their ordinary aspect; while of the mouth, that most expressive feature of the face, the most decided character—blended with much of firm and dauntless resolution, and no little of contemptuous haughtiness—was passionate voluptuousness. He wore no hair upon his face, which, though much sunburnt, and even swarthy from exposure to the fierce sun of the tropics, was by no means flushed or ruddy—neither mustache nor whisker—except one peaked tuft upon his lower lip, many shades darker than the sunny locks which fell in natural curls over the collar of his doublet. The garments of this remarkable figure were no less striking than his personal appearance. Upon his head, set very much to the right, so as to leave the waving ringlets of the other side free to the breeze and sunshine, he had a small cap of dark purple velvet, encircled by three folds of a delicate chain, or fanfarona—the workmanship of which, although the metal was pure gold, surpassed in value its material—and farther decorated by a single ostrich-feather, near half an ell in length, of perfect whiteness. Over a full-sleeved vest of snowy satin, fastened at the bosom by a dozen buttons—each one a solid pearl as large as a hazel-nut—all linked together by a slight Venetian chain, he wore a sleveless coat of the same velvet with his cap, laced down the seams with gold, lined with white silk, and decked with pendant studs of gold filagree, and loops of bullion. White satin breeches, and white silken hose with gold clocks, and red-heeled shoes, completed his attire; but round his waist was twisted a sash of purple network, entwined with strands of gold, from which hung at the opposite sides his basket-hilted rapier, and a long two-edged dagger in a shark-skin scabbard—while a broad baldric of the same materials, thrown over his right shoulder, supported not less than six pistols, of rare workmanship and finish. The rowers who propelled this powerful barge, were all attired in velvet caps and jerkins, with plumes, and scarfs of costly silk, and chains of gold and jewelry—and, like their leader, were all armed to the teeth with cutlass, dirk and pistols; while through the whole length of the vessel, were stacked, ready to their hands, the heavy musquetoons or carbines of the day. The crews of the other boats, which swept on, all abreast, scarce an oar's length asunder, were adorned with equal splendor; and, as they leaped ashore, and fell into a serried line, with ported carbines—seven hundred men in number at the smallest calculation—a more magnificent array can scarcely be conceived, than was drawn up before the gate of the dismayed and anxious Spaniards.

After a pause of a few moments, which seemed ages to the distracted father, who had recovered from his swoon to a full sense of his anguish, the splendid captain of the pirates advanced alone, a pistol-shot in front of the well-ordered buccaneers, followed at a respectful distance by four others, whose dress, as sumptuous, though less tasteful than that of their superior, betokened them the officers of the inferior vessels. Behind these men, again, stepped forth as many privates, two and two, leading between them the damsel and the stripling, who with the negro maiden, were now the sole survivors from above two hundred souls, the crew and passengers of the proud frigate, of which now not a wreck remained, to tell how she had sailed the deep in fleet and fearless beauty.

"Ho! Juan de Melendez"—he exclaimed, when he had drawn so near the walls, that every accent of his deep voice could be heard with ease—"Juan Melendez de Aviles, I summon thee forth-with to yield this city, and these forts, named of St. Augustine, to our mercy!" He spoke in pure Castilian Spanish, though with a trifling foreign accent; so light, indeed, that but to an ear well practised it would not have been at all perceptible.

"And who art thou, who summonest so boldly!"—returned the governor, manning himself to endure the torture, which his high sense of duty and of honor told him he might not even hope to shun—"and what hast thou to set forth as a reasonable cause, why we, the armed and numerous possessors of strong works mounting much and heavy ordance, well found and victualled for a six months' siege, should yield us to a handful, without artillery to batter our defences, or ladders to assail our ramparts!"

"I—if it could avail thee any thing to know"—replied the pirate, his lip writhing as he spoke, with bitter scorn—"I am called Ringwood—Reginald Ringwood, once of merry England—Think, Juan Melendez, think! If thine ear may not find something familiar in that sound—ask thy false heart to prompt it!—and for a cause—behold these arguments!—perchance, though thine eye may not recognise a man whom thy tongue, scarce six years ago, styled friend and brother, it may be more successful in deciphering the lineaments of this girl-like stripling!"

"And what of these!" replied the father, struggling vainly to conceal the agonies of his paternal terrors—"what of these innocent, defenceless, children!—or what have they to make with the rendition of this city!"

"Innocent—and defenceless!" sneered the buccaneer, "and knew not Juan de Aviles, any child, ever, as innocent—as defenceless—as—nay, ten thousand times more—lovely and more loved—to whom, nor beauty, nor innocence, nor helplessness, availed any thing! Now, by the great God, Spaniard," he continued, lashing himself as he went on into a state of fierce and terrible excitement, "Now, by the great God, Spaniard, that shall judge between us two thou hast but sealed thy doom! What dost thou ask, have these to make with the rendition of this city! This!—very simply this! That if, within one hour the city be not rendered to our pleasure, your boy shall die upon the beach before thine eyes, by such variety of torture, as never yet racked human sinews! And for the girl—thou shalt behold her undergo things, fifty—nay! but fifty thousand times more terrible than death protracted and made horrible by the most lingering torments. Choose! thou hast but one hour!"

"And what if we should render us—not that the mere thought of such a deed is possible!"—quivering with anguish in every iron limb, the Spaniard answered—"what terms dost thou offer, if we should render us!"

"Life!" was the stern reply. "Life to the soldiers of the garrison, and Liberty to march out with their arms and three rounds of munition! We know your numbers, fair sir, far too well to dread them! Thy son and daughter, shall be restored to thee unhurt—for the rest we will hold the city for three days' space, using all property, *all persons* therein, as our own—and at the three days' end, we will take with us whatsoe'er we list! up anchors! and sheet topsails home! and farewell to fair St Augustine!"

With an unutterable air of blank dismay, the officers upon the bastions gazed in each other's faces. The terms were such as men could not endure—and the alternative scarce less appalling! The agony, the mute, despairing, ghastly torture depicted in every speaking picture—in the dull scarcely conscious air of Juan's eye, in the convulsive writhing of his pale ashy lip, from which the gnawing teeth, though they bit deep and keenly, could force no drop of blood—were scarcely more heart-rending than the tremendous bursts of passionate and impotent phrensy, with which the youthful lover—the noble, brave and beautiful Don Amadis, raved with mad gestures and wild imprecations, to and fro the ramparts!

"Beware," after a long, awful interval, during which he had gloated with a mixed expression of pleasure, exultation and contempt, over the evident misery of the man whom as his dark words and half uttered hints implied, he had good cause to hate, with that unbending and insatiate hatred, which, if intensity may give any token whereby to estimate duration, may survive even death itself. "Beware, I say!" cried Ringwood, "and, now, I speak in mercy! Beware, I say how thou decidest. For by my wrongs, the depth of which, none know so well as thou! and by my love for her—which such a soul—if any soul, indeed, be thine—so base, and sensual, and brutish—cannot so much as fancy! and by those hopes of vengeance, which have alone thus far sustained me, blighted although I be, and blasted—to gain

which I have lived, and which once gained, I will die happy—by all these solemn things, I swear to thee, if thou refuse my proffer, I will not bate one jot of this which I have threatened! nay more! this done—for fancy not thy paltry walls or boasted ordnance could, for ten minutes' space oppose, much less bear back, our onset—this done, I say—we *will* be masters of your city, spite earth, or hell, or heaven!—and, masters of it, not one woman, from the grandame of fourscore, to the fresh virgin of fourteen, shall escape the worst pollution! not one man, nor one boy, nay! not the babe that is unborn, shall flee the sword's edge—not one building from God's temple, down to the wretched negro's kennel, but shall share the all-devouring flame! Before to-morrow's dawn, if ye submit not to my terms, there shall not be one living thing—there shall not be one stone upon another, to tell the story of your ruin! Choose then—choose wisely—but see, that ye choose, likewise, very shortly! One hour! I have spoken!"

"Thou speakest mere impossibilities"—replied the miserable father—"and that full well thou knowest! For how—were I so minded—should I compell all these to yield their homes to conflagration—their children to the sword—their women to dishonor! Ask any thing but this, and on the instant it shall be performed."

"*Thou* hast heard!"—was the stern reply—"and *I* have said!"

"If thou wouldst have wealth, say the word,—our swollen treasuries would suffice to glut the wildest avarice."

"I have said!"—answered the pirate fiercely, dashing his heel with furious energy into the yielding sand—"I have said—nor would the gold of El Dorado buy thee one moment's mercy!"

"If vengeance—I—I, Juan Melendez—I whom you hate so deadly—I will come forth to ye unarmed—will yield me to the utmost of your malice—yea! I will bless your torments, so these may return harmless!"

"And I!"—exclaimed Don Amadis Ferrajo, springing with outstretched arms upon the battlements—"high privilege it were to die for thee, Teresa!"

"And I—and I—and I!"—responded twenty voices, in a breath, of the bold cavaliers, who stood upon the bastion; and who, till now dispirited and cowed by the sight of anguish which they might neither heal nor hinder, kindled to sudden animation at the high hope of rescuing, by their own self-devoting gallantry, those innocent and spotless victims, blazed forth in all the lustre of their Castilian chivalry at the proud words of Amadis.

A low and sneering laugh was the sole answer, for the vengeful buccaneer, as he perceived by the increasing agitation of the Spaniards the full extent of his advantage, waxed but the firmer and the cooler for all their menaces and prayers.

"Monster!—ha! devil!"—shouted the fiery Amadis goaded by the calm and contemptuous air of Ringwood, into a state of utter phrensy—"devil! thou shalt not live to boast of it!"—and snatching, as he spoke, a long-barrelled harquebuss from a sentinel beside him, he took a rapid aim, and before any of his comrades could interpose to hinder him—for all perceived the madness of the action—fired it full against the head of the proud Rover.

He was a practised and a steady marksman, was that hot-blooded gallant: nor had his soul's salvation been staked upon the shot, could his aim have been more accurate or guarded. Before the sharp report had reached the ears of any of the tremulous spectators who gazed, as though their all was perilled by the deed—almost before the flash had gleamed upon their eyes—the long white plue, which graced the cap of Ringwood, was cut sheer off within an inch or less, of his unblenching head; and was borne away, glancing and fluttering like a sea-bird's wing over the sparkling billows, by the light western breeze. With a wild yell of savage execration, the pirate line rushed forward. But scarcely had they made six steps, with brandished arms and furious gestures toward the Spanish works, before the loud clear voice of their commander was heard, as composed and slow, as though he had been speaking to a comrade across the festive board!—

"Halt! ho!—Is this your discipline?"—and his right hand raised quietly aloft without a sign of menace—scarce even of authority—sufficed upon the instant to arrest those hardy desperadoes, that they stood motionless and silent as a rank of statues.

"And this"—he said, turning his eyes, with a scornful smile upon his lip toward the ramparts—"*this is* your Spanish honor—this your respect for the white flag, which even savages and heathen venerate! Excellent well, young man! excellent well, and wisely was it done: 'T is like that these would be more merciful, seeing their captain slaughtered here, before their face, under a flag of truce! Had I been other than I am, this gallant deed might have anticipated, somewhat, the time when these shall suffer. As it is neither for fear nor favor—neither for anger nor remorse—hath Ringwood ever swerved—be it for good or evil—from his word!—nor can so slight a thing as thou move his most slight resolve, more than the summer wind can lift the earth-fast oak from its abiding place. I said an hour—the half of it has flown—half yet remains to ye, to sport, or grieve, as it seems best to ye!—that passed, the boy here dies in torment. The girl—lives for our pleasure, and our scorn!"

Even before the fierce rush of the pirates had been made, the officers around had seized the youthful lover and disarmed him, reproaching him unsparingly for the insane and desperate deed to which his unrurbed passions had excited him—'Amadis—Amadis'—cried the gray-headed veteran Diego—"thank God upon your knees—with your whole heart, and strength and spirit, thank him—that your mad effort failed. Had thy shot struck down him, at whom it was so deadly aimed—she, whom thou lovest, had been lost, past hope—past redemption!"

"Young man,"—exclaimed the fiery governor, rendered more fierce than ever he was wont, by the increase of peril to his children, by that most inconsiderate action—"young man, Hidalgo though thou be, and belted knight of Calatrava, I swear to thee, had that shot taken place, I would have stripped and bound thee like a dog, and hurled thee headlong from the bastions. As it is, if aught ill befall my children, to thee I lay it—see thou be ready to make full atonement; for—"

Ere he had finished speaking, with a shriek so tremendous, that to describe its tones, or even its effect on those who—shaken as they were by the dread scenes enacting in their sight, were harrowed to the very souls by that appalling cry—were utterly impossible—a female of some forty-five or even fifty years, but still remarkable for matronly majestic beauty, with her long hair dishevelled, and her large dark eyes glaring terribly, rushing up the narrow steps; and stood unveiled, with all her garments in wild disarray, among that group of warriors. "My children!"—she cried—"Oh! God! God! God! my children!"

None spoke—none had words, or breath, or heart, to speak to her!—and she went on, mingling the wildest the most eloquent appeals to Heaven for mercy and for succour, with yells and shrieks, that made the very hair to bristle on the heads, and the chilled blood to curdle in the veins of all who heard her—even of the unpitying unsparing desperadoes, who, though they shuddered at they knew not what, swerved not in their fell purpose, nor ever even dreamed of mercy. And now she would blaspheme, and rave with execrations, such as had scarcely been outdone by the profanity of the most desperate of men; calling down curses on the heads alike of those who held her children prepared for instant execution—of those who could not, howsoever they might pant to do so, strike one blow for the rescue, without ensuring by that blow, more certainly than even now it was decreed, their doom—and on her own head, most of all—for that she had borne, and nursed them at her breast, and trained them up so pure, and beautiful, and brave—and all for such an end!

Once Juan drew his sword—once almost gave the word, to cast the salley-port wide open—to rush down with pike, and harquebuss, and rapier, under the cover of the volleying cannon—to cry "St. Jago and God aid!"—to set all on the cast of one desperate charge! But hope and prudence conquered! It cannot be, he thought—his hopes suggesting arguments which his more sober reason would have at once discovered nothing worth—for well did Juan Melendez know the unbending spirit, the tameless heaven-daring pride, the dauntless valor of the man who stood before him—not now, as once, a wronged, and helpless, and despised, and hopeless exile—but in the plentitude of power, and pride, and vengeance!—It cannot be that a mere buccaneer, a sordid, selfish pirate would—or would be permitted to—surrender his or his comrades' common interest for any private vengeance, how grateful or how sweet soever! And in these frantic hopes—mingled with fears, if possible more frantic, the fatal moment passed.

"Juan"—once more exclaimed the deep sonorous accents of the Englishman—"Juan Melendez de Aviles—the hour I gave thee hath elapsed!—once more I ask of thee—shall these two live or die! If thou wouldst have them live, down draw-bridge, up portcullis, and march out, thou and thy veterans, and thy family!—for three days will we hold the city, doing to it, and all within it, as to us shall seem fitting—after three days will we embark in our good ships and trouble ye no more, here at St. Augustine!—and for assurance that we will preserve our faith with ye, myself will be a hostage in your hands—even in yours, the deadliest of my foemen! Choose now! Choose! choose, Juan Melendez, and if thou doomest these!—these thine own flesh and blood—on whom even I, who have such cause to hate them, scarce can look without pity—if thou do this, say not that it is I, but thou who art their slayer!"

The brow of Ringwood, as he spoke, grew very pale and his lips absolutely ashy in their tints. Yet his eye was as bright, and even calm, as ever: and not a muscle worked, or a nerve quivered, in those stern features, or that stately frame.

"Mercy!" exclaimed Melendez, stretching forth his clasped hands toward the pirate, "mercy! As thou mayest, one day, ask for it thyself—show mercy!"

"As I received it, one day, at thine hands, when I *did* crave it, so will I show it, Juan," replied the buccaneer. "Speak! now! speak out I say! Wilt thou yield up the town?"

"I will not!" answered Melendez very firmly, "God help me—I will do my duty!"

"Then hear me—thy son will I torture here to death before thy very eyes—thy daughter—if thou move not to sally—for the time is safe—if but the bridge be lowered, or one shot fired, I yield her on the instant to the mercy of my crew. Lead out the boy!"

And that pale stripling was led out before his father's face—pale, indeed, even to ghastliness, partly from loss of blood, and partly from the conscious horror of his situation. Yet he bore up with dauntless courage, and though a mere boy, proved himself in that extremity, a worthy scion of his proud race.

"Teresa," he said, as he left his sister's side, "God bless thee, and farewell—and may He grant that I may bear this agony for both! Father, let me see that you look as bravely on my death, as I shall bear it—unman me not by any weakness—I would die as becomes thy son, and a Castilian. Now, sir, I am ready!"

It was a most strange sight. The lip of Ringwood quivered, as he looked on the brave boy, and all the muscles of his face, which had hitherto been as tense and cold as steel, relaxed a little, and a tear swam in his gray eye; he was, it seemed, on the point of yielding! But with a mighty effort he dashed off the growing weakness. "I, too," he said, "painful, although it be, and bitter—I too have my duty!"

He cast a sign to the assistants, and they made the boy kneel down upon the sands, and bound a knotted whipcord closely about his temples, and thrust between it and the flesh, the stout steel mounted stock of a ship-pistol. One strong man seized each arm, and held him steady by the full exertion of their united strength! Having made that one signal, Ringwood cast no glance more toward the hapless boy, but riveted his eagle eye, with an intense expression of horrible exulting pleasure, full on the father's face.

"It is done, Captain," whispered the third of those fell satellites.

"Proceed!" replied the Rover, never removing once his eyes from the distorted features of the governor. "Proceed!"

And at the word, the wretch who had last spoken seizing the pistol by the barrel, twisted it round and round, tightening at every strain the knotted cord, 'till it pierced through the skin, and flesh, and sinews, and pressed with agonizing keenness into the solid bone itself. Manfully—wonderfully—did that pale stripling bear the intense anguish—anguish, the horrible extremity of which, was but too well displayed by the deep crimson flush, which had supplanted the ghost whiteness of his brow—in the foam that flew from his churning teeth, in the dark sweat that gushed from every pore. Still he so mastered that appalling torture, that he spoke not a word, nor groaned, nor even murmured! Had the fierce Rover looked but once on that boy's face, he had forgotten all his wrongs, all his deep hatred, in overwhelming admiration. He would have cried—had the cry sealed his own eternal doom—"hold! hold!" for shame if not for mercy! But he did not look on it—for his hard eyes were drinking it, with fearful satisfaction, the tortures visible in the dark features of his humbled foeman! At length the tough cord pierced its way into the scull itself, the sightless eyes, forced from their sockets, started out upon the gory cheeks; one loud long yell, burst from the boy's lips, and at the self same instant, Don Juan Melendez fell back into the arms of his attendants, in such a paroxysm of despair and agony, as happily deprived him of all consciousness for hours. The yet more wretched mother had been dragged from the bastions forcibly, before that hellish scene commenced, or she had perished at the sight!

As Ringwood saw his enemy fall senseless, as the boy's yell pierced his scarce conscious ears, a deep flush crossed his brow; he snatched a pistol from his baldric, turned short upon his wretched victim, and fired full at the head, not three feet distant from the muzzle. One spasm—one quick convulsive shudder—and all was over, ere yet the echoes of the death-shot had subsided! Was that an echo—that deep sullen roar! Again! again! No! 'Tis the sound of ordnance! And lo! in clear sight, on the bright horizon four pyramids of sail, looming up larger and more near, as every second passes. And now what floats above those lofty royals—what but the yellow flag with the three castles of Castile! Hark! to that cheer awful, and deep, and solemn, which rushes up to Heaven from the beleaguered ramparts, full of a thousand mingled feelings—of gratitude for unexpected safety—of hope for coming vengeance!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

News from Canton.

By the Acadia, we have intelligence, through the overland mail from India, to Nov. 19th, 1841,—and by the arrival of the Venice, at New York, we have news direct to the same date. The substance of the intelligence brought by these two conveyances is as follows.

The combined British naval and military forces had achieved a series of important triumphs. Chusan was taken on the 1st of October, after a more vigorous resistance than the British had yet encountered from the Chinese. A vast deal of material was found there. On the 10th and 13th the cities Chinhae and Ningpo were also captured. The British loss appears to have been comparatively small, though, from the resistance offered, both at Chusan and Chinhae, the loss of the Chinese was very considerable.

Brigadier-General Sale, had succeeded in reaching Jellalabad, India,—but, as soon as the intelligence of the attack made upon his brigade by the rebel Affghans reached Cabul, on the 1st of November, a general insurrection broke out, and it is our painful duty to state, that Sir Alexander Barns and nine or ten officers who happened to be with him were killed.

At the date of the last advices from Cabul, November 19, the English troops had succeeded in checking the insurrection, but General Elphinstone and Sir William M'Naghten were obliged to remain in the entrenched camp in the city, not deeming themselves sufficiently strong to attempt an offensive operation. Ten regiments of European and native infantry were *en route* through the Punjaub to effect a junction with Brigadier-General Sale in order to move up to Cabul.

The British forces in the north, according to the Venice, are divided between Amoy, Chusan, Ningpo and Chinghae; they have not 500 men for each, and cannot pursue their depredations farther, without abandoning their present conquests of receiving large reinforcements.

It is believed by many that Sir Henry Pottinguer will be at Macao, in December. As he is pledged to resume hostilities if he comes, there is but little doubt another attack will be made on Canton, and the city occupied by British.

The Hong merchants, who paid $6,000,000 ransom money of the city last May, and who are required to refund the remaining four which were paid by government, were called upon ten days ago to contribute a million of Taels toward payment for the defences now in progress; not daring to refuse, $1,000,000 was paid.

The Venice left ten American vessels in China, several with amount of funds very inadequate to the purchase of tea cargoes at ruling prices, and the rate of freight to the United States being only $20 a 25 per ton, some of them, doubtless, will go to Manilla for cargoes. The ships shortly to sail are the Delhi and Hannibal in a few days, and Niantic about 1st December, all for New York.

Maryland Legislature.

On Thursday, the 10th inst. the Maryland Legislature adjourned "*sine die*." Their proceedings were of some importance. The committee on engrossed bills reported that they had examined 336 bills and 54 resolutions. Among the bills passed was an "act to provide for specie payments by the banks." The act requires all the banks in the State, on or before the first Monday of May next, to pay and continue to pay on demand all their several and respective liabilities in specie. The residue of the act, besides a temporary authority to the banks to issue small bills for circulation, consists of provisions for enforcing the principal enactment. A bill to prohibit individuals from issuing any thing as a currency. A bill raising the State tax from twenty to twenty-five cents in the hundred dollars. The bill laying a tax on emoluments, salaries, &c. and another laying a tax on ground rents also passed. It is supposed that these additional taxes will supply the Treasury with the means of paying the interest on the State debt. No bill for the completion of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, or to afford relief to the holders of the scrip of the company passed.

Large Enough.

A christening cake for the baptism of the Prince of Wales, weighed two hundred and twenty pounds. On the sides of the cake were placed, alternately, medallion portraits in silver of her Majesty and Prince Albert, with the arms of England over them, and the Prince of Wales' feathers with the arms of Wales over them, the whole surmounted by a neat scroll in dead sugar work. On the summit were pedestals supporting sugar figures of Ceres, Fortune, Plenty, Brittannia holding the infant prince, Clio, the goddess of history, and St. David, the tutelar saint of Wales.

SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO.

SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1842.

☞ Mr. SAML. RENFREW will please inform us at what Post-office he receives his paper. We received two dollars, which we wish to place to his credit, but cannot do so until he complies with the above request. He has given neither Post-office nor State, and the Post Master, although he franked the letter in full, was equally remiss in not naming the Post-office.

This Week's Paper.

We open in this week's paper, the first chapters of the new novel promised our readers. It is one of the most spirited things we have read for many a-day, and will doubtless create a sensation, wherever the Post is read. The remaining chapters will appear in consecutive numbers of the paper. The first of a series of *illustrated* comic sketches, to drive away the spleen and blues, during the hard times, also appears in the present number. The Post has also donned a new and shining dress, and opens the spring weather in "*milk white*"—fit emblem of editorial modesty, and in defiance of all grumblers about hard times, as well as of bank suspensions and resumptions. We are determined if possible to keep our readers in a good humor with themselves, and if we fail in that, we shall succeed in the next best thing—that of keeping them in a good-humor with us. We know of no more unwelcome visitor than a gloomy face, and hence we abominate your newspaper dressed in a suit of sober brown, with a smutty face, as if the editor had got drunk to kill care, and the 'devil' had turned pressman, so the Post has put on a cheerful face by way of a comforter, to those who can see nothing but ruin ahead, and in consequence are determined to make themselves as unhappy as possible for the time being.

In plain words, it is our determination to make *the best weekly paper* issued out of Philadelphia, without regard to expense, and all we ask in return from our subscribers, is to send us *the best money that they can procure*. The fact is that the currency of the South West and West, is at a ruinous discount here, and while all may pass well enough at home, the notes of the best Banks are at 15 to 20 per cent. discount here, while most is totally unsaleable, and we are obliged to return it. Our parting words are,

SEND US GOOD MONEY.

International Copyright.

This subject is now attracting much attention. The arrival of Boz in this country, with the avowed purpose of using all his influence to procure the passage of a law of international copyright, has awakened the public mind to the matter, and is calling forth innumerable articles from the press and still more innumerable speeches from orators, all tending to support the views of Mr. Dickens. We are sorry to say that we differ from that gentleman on this very important question. Our reasons may be given in a few words.

The diffusion of intelligence among our people is of the highest importance, and should be the first care of the statesman and patriot. Our liberties can only be preserved by fostering knowledge in the masses. As soon as the great body of our citizens becomes ignorant, it will also become dangerous to liberty. But this intelligence cannot be diffused among the people unless literature is, as it were, sown broad-cast among them; and literature cannot be thus scattered in the log hut, or mechanic's dwelling, unless it is made cheap. Hitherto works of every character, in the abscence of an international copyright, have cost comparatively so little, that the poorest individuals have been enabled to afford themselves this luxury; and the consequence has been that the *people* of this country are the wisest as well as best read of any people on the face of the globe. Our sturdy mechanics or unpretending farmers will often puzzle educated men—a fact which no other nation, we venture to say, can exhibit. The reasons for this are evident, so that he who runs may read. Every variety of English works are offered here at a price which places them in the hands of all. The same books which, in England are confined to the dwellings of the rich, may here be found in the hands of the poorest of our citizens. A report has lately been made to the Home League in New York, in which this fact is proved by numerous statistics. Mr. Campbell, the author of the report, gives the following examples which we quote.

The publishing price of the Pickwick Papers, illustrated in England is	£5.
The same work is published here at	$2 00
Nicholas Nickleby, in England,	5 00
America,	2 00
And a plain edition of the same at	75
D'Israeli's Amenities of Literature,	10 00
American edition,	1 75

And in the more serious and important departments of literature, the difference is equally great.

	Eng. price.	Am. price.
Jay's Morning Exercises,	$5 00	$1 00
Jay's Prayers,	5 25	25
Rowland Hill's Memoirs,	2 50	87
Hannah Moore's Life,	5 00	1 50
Turner's Sacred History,	10 00	1 35
Scott's Bible,	20 00	5 00
Southey's Poetical Works,	12 50	3 50

It needs no argument then to prove, that at such rates literary productions must be confined to the wealthy; and those consequently in the more humble walks of life, will be debarred from that enjoyment, which at present is conveyed to them in successive numbers, through the weekly press, at $2 a year, or carried to their doors at 40 or 50 cents the volume.

An International Copyright would, as a matter of course, raise the prices of all these works to the price of the English editions; and the consequence would be that the mass of our people, would be deprived of them. The passage of such a law would therefore be a direct tax on the diffusion of intelligence in the United States. It would retard the advance of knowledge in this country more than any act which the most bitter foe of this people could conceive. If we were a foreign despot, eager to destroy the liberties of a free people like this, we would advocate an International Copyright as the surest road to success.

We may illustrate this argument in another way,—and one which will present the conclusion in even a clearer light. Why do English books form the staple reading of the community? Not on account of their superior excellence, for American authors have shewn in various departments, a capacity equal at least to that of their English rivals. To prove this we will take a familiar instance in the department of History. There are three American writers who, as historians, have produced works equal to any produced by British authors,—and the themes on which two of these authors have written, are themes peculiarly interesting to American readers. We allude to Bancroft and Sparks. The his- of the United States by the former, and the Revolutionary Biographies of the latter, would naturally, one would think, be found in the hands of every American,—and yet our booksellers will inform any one who asks them, that for one copy of either of these works, they sell a dozen histories of England by Hume, Mackintosh, and other British authors. Why is this? It is not because the subject of English history is more interesting to us than the American annals, it is not because the transatlantic authors are more acute or philosophic than our own—the simple reason may be found in the fact that the English works can be afforded at a comparatively low price, while the American works cost more than a general reader can pay. To prove this, we give a table of the price of the books to which we have alluded.

Sparks' Life of Washington, 1 vol., price to the public,	$4 50
Bancroft's United States, three volumes,	6 50
Irving's Columbus, three volumes,	7 50
And an inferior edition in two volumes,	3 50
Prescott's Ferdinand and Isabella, 3 vols.	7 50
Stevens' Travels in Central America, 3 vols.	5 00

It requires no argument to shew that these books will never, at such prices, penetrate into the dwellings of the great mass of our people. The rich can afford to purchase them,—but to all others, these works must remain comparatively unknown.

It is undeniable that, if an international copyright law should be passed, the works of our own authors would partially supersede those of English authors,—and the remuneration afforded to native writers would consequently be increased. But then the great mass of the people would be deprived of proper reading, and literature would be confined chiefly to the rich. We must choose therefore between two evils. We cannot have an international copyright law, and a well read people at the same time. If we pass such a law, we raise the prices of English reprints. If we raise the prices of these books, we narrow their circulation among the people. If we narrow the circulation of literature among the mass, we, so far forth, render it ignorant.

This subject is a wide one, and may be regarded in various lights,—but, from whatever point it is viewed, it presents the same aspect to our mind. We may return to it again. At present we have only discussed one, out of many arguments which occur to us. We content ourselves with having shewn that the passage of an international copyright law would *inevitably* cut off, the chief part of the literary supplies of the nation.

Awful Explosion.

The boilers of the steamboat "North Star" exploded on the 1st inst. about twelve miles from Tuscaloosa, Ala. by which awful occurrence sixteen persons lost their lives. Several were disabled, and thus prevented from escaping from the burning boat, where they were consumed in the most horrible manner. Sixteen persons were killed instantaneously, among them were Col. C. D. Conner, of Marengo, and a Mr. Tunnehill, of Tuscaloosa county. Both engineers, one of the pilots, the barkeeper, and several firemen and deck hands were among the killed. The captain and first mate were blown into the river, but both managed to reach the shore, although severely injured. Eight persons were badly burnt. The explosion occurred in consequence of defective boilers—the copper of which on examination proved to be not thicker than a cent. There was little water in them at the time of the explosion, and nothing issued from them except a noxious gas. One of the passengers gives the following vivid sketch of the catastrophe:—

"Just as the Tuscaloosa bridge retreated from my vision, I took a chair and sat down by the side of the pilot house to read on the upper deck, but finding that the speed of the boat created a strong breeze, which, in reading, was painful to my eyes, I fortunately returned again to the cabin; I had seated myself by the fire-place in the gentleman's cabin, and made a remark to Captain Richardson, that we were just about the very spot where he and myself had been wrecked by the sinking of the steamboat Ophelia, some four years ago; he replied in the affirmative, and pointed me to an article he had been reading on "Accidents, and the ups and downs of life," and before I had completed the first sentence, this dread explosion, so horrid in its consequences, occurred. We had neither stopped nor attempted to stop, from the commencement, but were travelling cheerfully and gaily at the rate of some ten or twelve miles an hour, when the two boilers in rapid succession exploded like the roar of two of the largest pieces of artillery, while the vessel quivered to her keel! Crash! crash! went every thing around us; in an instant two-thirds of that beautiful boat was thrown into the air to an incredible height, and shivered into a thousand atoms—a stream of noxious gas from the boilers passed with such tremendous pressure toward the stern, through the halls of the cabin, that our hats were carried from our heads with the current, and enveloped in smoke, and bewildered with the yells and groans of the dying sufferers, whose bodies lay torn to pieces, mingled with the shapeless wreck—the shattered mass around us was but dimly understood.

"I looked out from the stern, and the whole atmosphere above us was filled with these fragments to an incredible height, and they fell in horrid showers around us, mixed with the dying and the dead. So powerful was the explosion that one of the boilers with its immense weight was blown at least one hundred and fifty yards over the tops of the highest trees into an open field; and not far from it lies the plate of the safety valve, sunk four or five feet into the earth, like the ball of a cannon.

"I left to discover, as the smoke cleared off, the extent of damage done, and the dangers still to be apprehended. Not a single officer was to be seen, and the places of their respective stations were shattered into atoms and floating on the surface of the river, or suspended among the branches of the trees. I saw the heads of three or four that had been blown into the air and had fallen into the river, struggling feebly with the waves to keep themselves on the surface—and the only sound portion of the crew were pursuing their bodies with the yawl. The boilers had all disappeared. One of them had bursted in the bottom, and a portion of it had passed through the deck and the hull of the boat to the bottom of the river, leaving a large hole, through which the water oozed freely, and I saw that she must sink to the bottom in a very few minutes, in despite of every effort that might be made; not a single being could be seen that could stand erect—but the whole body of her hull, from the wheel-house to her bow, had been shattered into a mere shell; the false sides were blasted into atoms, and were already filled up with water; the main deck was shivered into splinters, and the heads, legs, and arms of apparently a dozen human beings belonging to the crew, were projecting out here and there from the mass of inflammable substances that had now fallen into the hull, and in a confused pile were mingling with red hot embers from the furnace, while their groans and cries for assistance came horribly and awfully to my ears."

Resumption.

Notwithstanding the passage of the resumption law, some of the banks, up to the time when we went to press, had resumed, although, we understand more than one had regretted that they had not done so on Monday. To this, however, many difficulties opposed themselves, especially the difficulty of getting all the banks to concur in so immediate a resumption. The resumption, therefore, was postponed from day to day, but it is now generally understood that the leading banks will resume on Monday, if not before.

For some time indeed the banks, or at least the non-accepting ones, have been preparing themselves for this event. A month ago the Commercial Bank ceased discounting or receiving deposites, and, as fast as her bills receivable came in, she converted the currency in which she was paid into specie. Other banks took a different course. They still received deposites and discounted on them; but they entrenched themselves behind special contracts with their depositors. One of these banks, for instance, engaged to pay her depositors one quarter in specie and the balance in post notes averaging six months. These banks are all able to resume.

The Banks that accepted the provisions of the Relief Law, have generally expressed their determination not to resume, although both Mr. Binney and Mr. Meredith have given opinions in favor of the constitutionality of the Resumption Law. This resolution will place these Banks in a peculiarly difficult position. If they do not resume with the other Banks, their notes will be depreciated, and consequently driven out of the market for all useful purposes. This will in fact close their doors.

The rumors that have, for some time, filled the popular ear, respecting the condition of the Penn Township Bank, have at length been verified. On Wednesday a run began on this institution. She paid out country notes in exchange for her paper, until her stock was exhausted, when she closed her doors. For some days previous, this Bank had furnished a large portion of the currency. Some weeks since, she gave to the other Banks—as will be recollected—security to the extent of $200,000, a sum exceeding, it is said, her present circulation. On Wednesday evening, a meeting of her directors was held, which resulted in their issuing the following card.

BANK OF PENN TOWNSHIP,
March 16th, 1842.

The Directors of this Institution give notice, that under the present circumstances, they deem it advisable to close the doors.

By order of the Board,
JAMES RUSSELL, Cashier.

There is little or no currency afloat. Bank United States notes sell from 58 to 60, Girard 38 to 40, Pennsylvania 20 to 25, and Relief notes from 12 to 15 per cent. discount.

We understand that the Girard Bank has made an assignment for the benefit of her creditors.

In our next week's paper we shall be able to announce a definite resumption, and the return of a sound currency. We shall also be able, we hope, to assure our readers that no further suspensions will take place. If any Bank shall prove unable to sustain herself, the sound ones will let her go. This is the right course.

The National Treasury.

The Secretary of the Treasury has made a Report in which he says that the demands on the Treasury during March, April, and May, will amount to $9,574,040. To meet this, the Treasury has now at command about $2,000,000. The receipts for customs during the spring months are estimated at $3,250,000. There will consequently be a deficit of more than three millions.

The Secretary further says, that if the Exchequer scheme of the Cabinet is not adopted, it will be necessary to provide a sum, over and above the current expenses of the Government, to liquidate the Treasury Notes falling due. He recommends that to meet this exigency, so much of the loan as remains to be negotiated, should be extended to a period of twenty years.

A Contradiction.

We gave admission in our columns last week, to a story respecting a man named Crater, who was said to have boasted, while a convict in the Auburn Penitentiary, of having committed certain murders. He served his time out, and then, very recently, was arrested on the charge immediately after his liberation. He was examined last week at Oswego, where the alleged crime was committed and discharged. There is said to have been no evidence to sustain the charge, and the prisoner to whom Crater was said to have confessed the deed is supposed to have repeated an old story for the purpose of being pardoned out of Prison as a witness.

Old Men.

There are in the British House of Lords fifty-nine peers who have passed the age of seventy-two years. This number of old men, compared with the whole body to which they belong, proves how favorable to longevity is the life of perfect independence, ease and pleasure, which they lead.

Snagged.

The steamboat Cumanche was snagged and sunk in Bayou des Glaize on the 12th ult. She was bound down with a cargo of 234 bales of cotton, 214 of which were saved, and brought down by the steamboat Semaphore. The boat will be a total loss.

Foreign News.

The Caledonia Safe.

Return of the Caledonia to England—The Corn Laws—The Creole Case—State of the Country—France—Spain—Portugal—Miscellaneous News.

We have the gratifying intelligence, by the arrival of the Acadia from England, of the *safety of the Caledonia*. As was expected, she put back to England, in consequence of the gale of the 9th, 10th and 11th of February. She reached England on the 17th, in a battered condition, when the Acadia was instantly despatched in her place. The intelligence was brought from Halifax by the steamer Clyde, and reached here on Saturday last. The Halifax Post, of Tuesday the 8th inst. gives the following detailed account of the welcome arrival of the Caledonia.

"Never did the peal of cannon burst more gratefully on our ear than when last evening it announced to us the arrival of a steamship from England! waking thousands from their slumbers and thrilling thousands of anxious hearts with the tidings that the missing steamer had escaped the fury of the mighty deep.

"A few minutes before midnight we heard guns pealing down the harbor, and soon after rockets were seen flying into the air from the neighborhood of George's Island.

"Crowds of persons flocked down to the wharves, and two steamers passed up, answering the hailings from shore with "Acadia, Unicorn," and "*The Caledonia safe in England*," and then arose a multitudinous shout from the wharves as the gallant steamers passed up to the Cunard Wharf, where an immense throng greeted them with enthusiastic cheers.

"It will be recollected that the Unicorn sailed down the harbor on her way to England at half past four o'clock on Monday afternoon. About an hour after dark, not far from Sambro, a light was discovered bearing up toward her—for as the Union carried blue lights, she was distinctly seen by the other, which, when hailed, proved to be the Acadia. By the least chance in the world the ships would have passed, and the tidings that would have thus been carried home by the Unicorn would have given rise to much anxiety for the safety of the Acadia.

"As it is, the Acadia will make the most rapid outward and homeward trip ever performed across the Atlantic by any steamer, as we understand she will sail to-day for England, and thus, no doubt, carry home the news of her own arrival here."

The news of the Caledonia's safety will be hailed throughout the whole of this Continent with enthusiastic gladness.

The following account of the Caledonia's return is from an English paper:

Return of the Caledonia.

The Caledonia left Liverpool on the 4th February, with the mails and a large number of passengers. She had a fair wind and walked the water admirably for the three first days; but on the 7th the wind chopped round and blew very hard from the Westward. On the 8th, the storm increased and continued on the 9th, and raised to such a tremendous patch on the 10th that the fore starboard, the bulwarks and ice-house were carried away; the fore-cabin filled with water—the passengers were washed out, the bedding saturated and the rudder sprung. Part of the after bulwarks and the iron-rail on the taffrail were twisted off; the wheel-house damaged and the larboard paddle-box partially stove in.

In this dilemma the ship was navigated by her sails while they tried to secure the rudder with chain and bolts. The storm raged with fearful violence on the 11th, and at six o'clock, P. M. the Captain and officers decided on returning and putting into Cork for repairs—the rudder being completely twisted and useless, and the sea running very high.

The Caledonia was telegraphed off Holyhead on the morning of Thursday, the 17th, and about midnight she arrived at Liverpool on the Mersey. The Acadia was got ready with the extraordinary despatch of a day and a half, and left Liverpool with the Mail, and passed the Caledonia at three o'clock on Saturday, the 19th. The passengers bear testimony that the Caledonia is an excellent boat—that she rode through the gale like a duck, and they speak in high terms of the courageous and seamanlike conduct of Captain Lott throughout the whole storm. They passed a series of resolutions expressing their high opinions.

The Corn Laws.

Sir Robert Peel brought forward his project for a change in the Corn Laws on the 9th. It is substantially embraced in the following schedule:

Whenever the average price of Wheat, made up, and published in the manner required by law, shall be, for every quarter,

		Proposed Sliding Scale.	Present Sliding Scale.
Under 51s.	duty shall be for every qr.	20s 6d	36s 8d
51s. and under 52s.	- -	19 0	35 8
52s. and under 53s.	- -	18 0	34 8
53s. and under 54s.	- -	18 0	33 8
54s. and under 55s.	- -	18 0	32 8
55s. and under 56s.	- -	17 0	31 8
56s. and under 57s.	- -	16 0	30 8
57s. and under 58s.	- -	15 0	29 8
58s. and under 59s.	- -	14 0	28 8
59s. and under 60s.	- -	13 0	27 8
60s. and under 61s.	- -	12 0	26 8
61s. and under 62s.	- -	11 0	25 8
62s. and under 63s.	- -	10 0	24 9
63s. and under 64s.	- -	9 0	23 8
64s. and under 65s.	- -	8 0	22 9
65s. and under 66s.	- -	7 0	21 8
66s. and under 67s.	- -	6 0	20 8
67s. and under 68s.	- -	6 0	18 8
68s. and under 69s.	- -	6 0	16 8
69s. and under 70s.	- -	5 0	13 8
70s. and under 71s.	- -	4 0	10 3
71s. and under 72s.	- -	3 0	6 8
72s. and under 73s.	- -	2 0	2 8
73s. and upwards,	- -	1 0	1 0

Parliament had met, as announced by the last arrival. But the great question of importance brought before them was the Corn Laws. On this, Sir Robert Peel had brought forward a motion in favor of his sliding scale system, (on which the last ministry were defeated,) and which was tantamount to a determintion on his part never to lessen the burden of the Corn Laws. Lord John Russell proposed an amendment. It was debated three days, and on a division, Ministers had a majority of 123. The following is the result, from the London Times of February 17th:—

PARLIAMENTARY DIVISION, FEB. 16.—CORN IMPORTATION.—Order for Committee read; motion made, and question proposed.—"That Mr. Speaker do now leave the chair"—Amendment proposed, to leave out from the word "That" to the end of the question, in order to add the words, "this house, considering evils which have been caused by the present corn laws, and especially by the fluctuations of the graduated or sliding scale, is not prepared to adopt the measure of her Majesty's government, which is founded upon the same principles, and is likely to be attended by similar results."—(Lord John Russel—instead thereof—Question put, "That the words proposed to be left out stand part of the question:—The House divided:—

Majority for the Sliding Scale—Ayes.	349
Majority against the Sliding Scale,	226
Majority for Ministers,	123

The Creole Case.

In the House of Lords on the 14th of February, Lord Brougham brought before their lordships the case of the Creole. In reply to his questions, the Earl of Aberdeen informed the house that communications had taken place between the Governor of the Bahamas and her majesty's government on the subject. Her majesty's government had given the subject their most anxious attention, and had satisfied themselves *that there is no existing authority for bringing the negroes of the Creole to trial for mutiny and murder, still less for delivering them up or detaining them in custody. The Secretary for the Colonies, Lord Stanley, had therefore sent out instructions for their release.*

Lord Denman gave his opinion that there was no law, authority, or machinery existing, by which the Secretary of State for the Colonies could deliver up these men to a foreign power, after taking refuge in our dominions; and he declared, on the authority of the most eminent lawyers, that the Secretary of State so delivering up such men to a foreign state, would be liable to the danger of an action of damages for false imprisonment, and the still more awful danger of putting a person upon his trial is a case where the penalty was death. It was very clear that an alien, seized in this country for an alleged crime committed in a foreign country, might resist his apprehension with force, and if the resistance cost him his life, the seizing party might be arrested for murder, and, if found guilty, executed. It was desirable that an international jurisdiction should be established by treaty; but the existence of the slave trade stood in the way.

Lord Campbell, Lord Cattenham, and the Lord Chancellor, concurred in Lord Denman's statement of the law.

Lord Brougham stated that Lords Wynford and Abinger had authorised him to express their assent to the same opinion.

Lord Brougham then withdrew his motion, and the house adjourned.

State of the Country.

Tremendous excitement exists all over England against the ministry for refusing to modify or abolish the Corn Laws; and large meetings are held in all the large towns, and petitions got up to the Queen to dismiss her ministers. Sir Robert Peel's sliding scale system gives great offence. In all the large towns in the kingdom the scale has been received with expressions of rage and indignation. The custom of burning in effigy has been revived for Sir Robert Peel's special honor. In Derby, Rochdale, Leicester, Manchester, Hanley, and other towns, the people have testified in this manner their abhorrence of the proposition for the perpetuation of the sliding scale.

The proceedings at Manchester deserve especial attention. In this great emporium of capital and manufacturing industry, a requisition for a public meeting was presented to the mayor, signed by 1086 individuals and firms, comprising a great number of the principal merchants, manufacturers, and bankers. The most remarkable feature in the subsequent transactions was, that the requisitionists, after mature deliberation, agreed to unite agitation for extension of the suffrage with agitation the repeal of the corn laws. They cordially united with a deputation of the working classes, and a vast assembly, including some of the most opulent men in Manchester, agreed to resolutions demanding the total and unconditional repeal of the corn laws, the extension of the suffrage to all males of full age, of sound mind, and unstained by crime, and the ballot, and expressing their total want of confidence in the government and the House of Commons as at present constituted. A very general determination not to pay taxes until their demands were granted, was also expressed. In Salford, also, a public meeting was held, with similar results, including a resolution not to hold any paper money, but to exchange it for specie.

RESIGNATION OF THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.—The Times and Morning Post of Feb. 1st, announce the formal resignation from office of the Duke of Buckingham. The Duke resigned, it is stated, on account of some new measure upon the corn laws, which the Premier proposed at a cabinet meeting, prior to the opening of Parliament, to introduce into the speech from the throne. This resignation caused great excitement in political circles. The Duke of Buccleuch has been appointed to the office of Lord Privy Seal, in the place of the Duke of Buckingham.

The King of Prussia, with his suite, landed at Greenwich on the 23d ult. where he was received by Prince Albert, the Duke of Wellington and others, and proceeded directly to Windsor Castle. He officiated at the Royal christening, and every succeeding day afterwards paid visits to the principal public buildings in London, the theatres, docks, &c.

France.

"M. Guizot has lately addressed an energetic note to the English Cabinet, founded on the acquittal of the Marabout, and pointing out the modifications which must be made in the treaty of the 20th December, before the ratification on the part of France can take place.

Ministers had a signal triumph in the Chamber of Deputies on Tuesday, on the motion of M. Ducos for parliamentary reform, to which a splendid speech of M. Guizot is said to have mainly contributed. On a division the numbers were—

For the motion,	193	Against it,	234
Majority for ministers,	41		

The Commerce says, that the result of the division is an enigma which no one has been able to explain.

CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES.

The Minister of Finance presented the bill of the budget of expenditures for 1843, which was as follows:

Art. 1. Credits are opened to the amount of 1,311,553,095 francs for the expenses of the estimate of 1843, viz:—

	Francs.
For the public debt,	360,427,831
For dotations,	15,992,000
For the general service of the ministries,	729,170,396
For the expenses of the *regie*, the collection of the taxes, and direct and indirect revenues,	142,220,568
For reimbursements and returns on the produce of the said taxes and revenues to *non valeurs*, and drawbacks on exportation,	63,742,300
General Total,	1,311,553,095

Credits to the amount of 19,784,192f. are also opened on the estimate of 1849, viz:

	Fr.
For the Legion of Honor,	7,580,698
Royal printing office,	2,600,000
Consular Establishments,	250,000
Invalids of the Marine,	8,000,000
Mint for money and medals,	1,350,494
Total,	19,784,192

Spain.

MADRID, Jan. 23.—A law has been presented to the Cortes, forbidding all recurrence to Rome for mass, dispensations, &c. The prelates of the kingdom are alone to exercise this right, according to the Council of Trent. Nuncios are forbidden to reside in Spain. No money is to be sent to the court of Rome. Rome is to be allowed no right of confirming ecclesiastical appointments. This point is to be settled according to the 6th canon of the 12th Council of Toledo. Exile is to be the punishment of the prelate who shall seek confirmation in the *pallium* at Rome.

Such a complete rupture with Rome, proposed by the ministry, cannot fail to have serious results.

The cold has been so intense at Barcelona that the water in the theatre, which was to be employed in imitating a fountain in a ballet, was frozen there a few nights ago during the performances.

Portugal.

LISBON, Jan. 30.—The proceedings of Costa Cabral and his friends, at Oporto, were placed beyond doubt by a telegraphic despatch received on Thursday last, (29th) announcing that the charter of 1826 had that morning been proclaimed at Oporto.

LONDON, Feb. 17.—There are accounts in town, on which we can rely, despatched just at the moment that the steamboat was beating down the Tagus on the 7th instant, containing the positive information that the new Portuguese Cabinet had been finally arranged. It is a coalition cabinet, and its principal members are the Duke of Palmella, the Viscount de Sa da Bandeira, and Senhor Rodrigo da Fonseca Magalhaes, the only member retained of the former Government. The other three Ministers are not mentioned.

Miscellaneous.

France has refused to join the alliance against the Slave Trade.

There are later accounts from China, confirming and giving the particulars of the recapture of Chusan and the capture of Ningpo by the British forces.

Lord Morpeth (now in this country) has lost his election for Parliament in the city of Dublin, having received 3435 votes, while his Tory opponent, W. H. Gregory, received 3825. Gregory's majority 390.

A terrible gale was experienced in England, and the neighboring waters on the evening of Jan. 26. Accounts had reached Lloyd's of the loss of 23 vessels on that dreadful night, besides which it was feared that others had foundered. Many lives were lost. Damage was done to vessels in Waterford (Ireland) harbor to the amount of £12,000. We do not discover the names of any Americans among the vessels lost.

The celebrated Count Pozzo di Borgo died lately at Paris in the 78th year of his age.

The Isle of Wight Banking establishment has stopped payment.

The British Ministers had declined advising the Queen to grant a pardon to the Chartist prisoners, Williams and Jones.

The petition against the corn laws from Preston has received nearly 1700 signatures, and the memorial to the Queen from the female inhabitants has appended to it 9600.

The Leeds township petition, for the repeal of the corn laws, received in little more than a week upwards of 43,000 signatures, and the petition from the female inhabitants nearly 24,000.

From the report of the manufacturers' relief committee, read at their meeting held last week, it appears that in the course of their charitable labors the sum of £30,000 has been distributed among the operatives of England and Scotland.

Owing to the generally depressed state of trade in this country, and in all parts of the world, the consumption of wine has fallen off within the last year upwards of 300,000 gallons.

The number of members enrolled in the Order of Odd Fellows in England is about two hundred thousand, among which are upward of forty members of parliament, and numerous clergymen and dissenting ministers.

The mysterious coffers left by Gustavus III. of Sweden, with injunctions not to open them until fifty years after his death, are to be opened and inspected with all due solemnity on the 30th of April, the King having died on the 29th of April, 1792.

Gen. Buzen, the Belgian Minister of War, committed suicide on the 4th of February, by shooting himself through the head with a pistol; supposed to be in consequence of a publication charging him with not being a Belgian by birth, and with having deserted from the French army in 1807.

Paixhan Guns.

Commodore Chauncey and Major Wade, have been engaged in inspecting thirty of these guns, lately cast at Alger's foundry, South Boston. They will soon be proved at the South Boston Point, to which place a number of them are already conveyed, and a heavy cannonading may be expected. The guns are about nine feet in length, weigh 7200 pounds each, calibre eight inches, and throw a solid shot of sixty-eight pounds.

House of Refuge.

We acknowledge the receipt of the fourteenth annual report of the House of Refuge. This philanthropic institution is effecting much good in the reformation of youth, who, either from neglect or destitution, have fallen into vicious courses. The report presents the condition of the establishment during the past year. The average number of inmates for 1841, was about the same as the previous year. The number in the institution on the first of January last, was 148, viz: 102 boys, and 46 girls. Admitted during the year 1841, 83 boys, and 41 girls—total, 124. Discharged during the same period 82 boys, 39 girls—total, 121. Remaining in the institution on the 1st instant, 102 boys, 48 girls—total, 150. The health of the inmates has been on an average with preceding years, two deaths only occurring. Of those admitted during the past year, 37 were ignorant of the alphabet. Those admitted during the year were born as follows:—In the City and County of Philadelphia, 57; in other parts of Pennsylvania, 19; in New Jersey, 11; New York, 7; Ohio, 2; Rhode Island, 1; Virginia, 1; Delaware, 3; Maryland, 2; Ireland, 9; England 4; Germany, 3. Of those discharged 28 were indentured to farmers, 2 to shoemakers, 2 blacksmiths, 2 tailors, 2 coachmakers, and 5 miscellaneous. Girls at housewifery, 19; 14 boys were sent to sea, and 26 individuals were returned to their friends.

We enjoyed an opportunity, not long since, of visiting this institution and were favorably impressed with the benefits it conferred on its inmates. How many youths who run at large in our streets, training up for a career of crime, might be reclaimed and made good members of society, by more of such institutions.

Hear the Mexicans.

The Tampico Sun of the 17th ult. publishes and replies to the late resolutions of the Louisiana Legislature respecting the capture of the Santa Fe Expedition. From the arguments of the journalists some idea may be formed of the manner in which the Mexicans defend their conduct to themselves. They contend, it appears, that they only employed force to repel a foreign invasion, having for its object the subversion of one of the Departments of the Mexican Republic. A paragraph on this subject, translated from the Tampico Sun, will be interesting to our readers. That journal says:—"After all the papers of the United States had repeatedly announced the intended invasion of New Mexico, thus waking up the national spirit of the inhabitants of that frontier—after the invaders have been frustrated by the patriotism of our citizens—after the aggressors are captured with arms in their hands—after their operations are found to be planned by the Texan government—and finally, after those adventurers, instead of being treated as pirates, as they deserved to be, had been considered and attended by Mexican generosity (in bold contrast to the excessive rigor of the treatment of the Mexican prisoners of San Jacinto)—after all this, that the Legislature of Louisiana, with unheard of effrontery, should assert that these invaders were pacific travellers, and should call upon the general government to demand indemnity for the treatment of such *travellers*—is wonderful to us, knowing that Louisiana is a part of a nation that has always travelled the path of honor, and whose politics have always been frank. The Mexican government will respond to such outrageous demands in a way consistent with the honor of the republic."

A Heart Touching Story.

The following touching and painful story, is from the Kanawha, Va., Republican of the 15th ult.—"On the 16th of February, Mr. William McClung left his peaceful habitation, his wife and four children in the wilderness of Nicholas county, Va., and went to Summersville to transact some business, with an intention to return home that evening; but the mountain storm became so intense in the afternoon, that he declined doing so. His wife and children having retired to rest, were alarmed at a late hour by the burning of their house. She escaped with her little ones from the violence of the devouring fire—but, alas! alas!! it was only to perish by the peltings of the pitiless storm!

The next day, when Mr. McClung returned home, he found his house consumed by the flames, and his wife and all his children frozen to death! The shock was too great for feeble human nature; he sunk under it; he became wild; he desired to be burned with his family, and his friends were compelled to put him in close confinement.

A sympathizing heart scarcely can determine which to pity most, the mother and the children who perished in an hour, or the husband and the father, who lived to feel the pains of death a thousand times."

A New Trick.

The gold coins of England have suffered debasement for some time past by a new and ingenious device, which is so successful as to oblige the government to order a new coinage. The cheat is effected in the following manner: From the rim towards the centre of a sovereign or half sovereign, several holes are drilled with a very fine instrument, and the vacancies filled up with an inferior metal, so as to deceive the most experienced judges. By this process a sovereign is rendered in many instances not worth more than 17s., and a half sovereign not more than 8s 6d or 9s. The master of the mint and the assayer are busily engaged in witnessing many experiments, with a view to prevent the abstraction of the gold taking place without immediate detection. Workmen have commenced casting the new coinage, which will be shortly issued. The expense will be very great, but government has been obliged to incur it, in consequence of the system having much injured the credit and confidence in the value of British gold, not only at home but on the Continent.

Excitement in Baltimore.

The city of Baltimore has, for a fortnight past, exhibited no little excitement on the subject of the currency afloat there. Meetings have been held on almost every evening in the streets, squares, &c. and more than once these assemblies threatened to terminate in a riot. These meetings have generally been voluntary, no call having been made publicly through the papers or otherwise. At each meeting the speakers have been more or less violent. One of the orators said that "the Democratic party had got wrong—the Whig party had got wrong—and it was therefore necessary to form a third party." The Mayor of Baltimore, Samuel Brady, has resigned his office very suddenly, assigning no reasons for his course, which the papers leave us to guess. His successor is Henry Snyder, President of the First Branch of the Council, who will serve until an election shall take place.

The currency appears indeed to be a fruitful source of excitement in almost every section of the country.

The Patent Office.

The Commissioner of Patents reports the number of patents issued the past year at 435, during that time 327 have expired. The whole number issued is 12,477. The number of applications during the past year was 847. Many frauds are practised on the community by articles stamped "patent," when no patent has been obtained; and many inventions continue to sell, under sanction of the patent law, after their patents have expired. To remedy these frauds, the Commissioner recommends the passage of a law requiring the stamping of the date of the patent on all articles.

Melancholy Shipwreck.

The ship Sophia, of London, on her voyage from New Zealand to Kiapara, was lost in a tremendous gale during the night of October 2, off the Bay of Islands. The master, Captain Harrison, and ten seamen, saved themselves by clinging to the rigging and portions of the wreck, but the remainder, consisting of twenty-eight seamen and passengers and two women, met with a watery grave.

Tragedy in Florida.

The house of Mr. Richard Tillis, in Columbia county, Fa., was attacked on the 24th ult. by a party of Indians 10 or 12 in number. Mrs. Tillis and one child were shot dead. A young lady and two children mortally wounded; the two latter with arrows. The only member of the family who escaped was an infant three weeks old, which was found unhurt by the wounded lady.

The Swartwout Balance.

It is stated that the balance due from Swartwout to the Government, is only three hundred thousand dollars, instead of a million. Mr. S. says he can satisfactorily show that $250,000 is justly due from an individual in New York.

An Engagement.

A vessel arrived at New Orleans from Havana, reports there had been an engagement on the coast of Cuba, between an English Government armed brig, and an African slaver, in which the British brig was beaten off, and retired.

A Dreadful Storm.

It is stated that during the dreadful storm on the 26th ult., at Clifden, in Galway, no less than twenty-two fishermen were lost in their boats, leaving their wives and children destitute.

Duel.

General S. A. Besancon, and Mr. Tompkins, two members of the Legislature of Mississippi, lately fought a duel opposite Vicksburg, and both were killed at the first fire.

No Currency Bill.

The Washington letter writers continue to confirm that no Currency Bill will be enacted into law during the present session.

New Publications.

THE LIFE OF LORENZO DE MEDICI—CALLED THE MAGNIFICENT.—*by William Roscoe*—2 *vols.*—*Carey & Hart.*—Here is a splendid work—splendid in its typography, splendid in its paper, splendid in the subject which it discusses. Messrs. Carey & Hart deserve the thanks of every true American for the high standard to which they are elevating American typography.

Lorenzo de Medici, the subject of this fine memoir, was, although only a private merchant of Florence, one of the first statesmen of Europe. By his extraordinary genius he obtained not only the supreme control of his native city, but became the arbiter of Italy. His son and nephew were both, at a short interval from each other, elevated to the papal dignity. His family became the rulers of Florence, and were intermarried with the principal royal families of Europe. In short, the name of Medici, established by the subject of this memoir in power and renown, was, for generations, the most celebrated in the annals of history. All this was done by a man who died at the early age of forty-four.

But it was not only as a statesman that Lorenzo de Medici was known. His immense wealth was happily united to a taste for literature and the arts, and to his fostering care may be attributed their permanent establishment in Italy. He encouraged artists, poets and musicians. He founded academies and endowed schools of learning. At a time when England was still a comparatively barbarous nation, and when even the palaces of her Kings boasted little save the comforts of life, he filled the halls of Italy with the choicest paintings, and enriched her cabinets with the most exquisite statuary.

The genius of this celebrated man, was versatile to an astonishing degree. To whatever subject he turned his attention, whether of art, literature, science, or diplomacy, he became a proficient in it in a space of time incredibly short. It was this characteristic of his genius which enabled him to impress his mind so forcibly on the age in which he lived.

The biography of such a man is a fine field for a master; and the task which Mr. Roscoe undertook has been admirably fulfilled. This memoir alone would establish his reputation. But he has not confined himself wholly to the personal history of the great Medici. He has discussed the origin and rise of this celebrated family, and narrated the progress of cotemporary events in Italy, as incidental to his subject. The memoir forms, in short, a history of Florence and its sister cities during one of the most interesting epochs of modern Italy. English critics have united to declare this one of the best biographies of the day.

We again bear our testimony to the very elegant manner in which these volumes are got up. They are adorned by a fine portrait of Lorenzo de Medici, from the graver of Wagstaff.

THE BOSTON MISCELLANY, *for March*.—The embellishments of this number are a fine steel engraving entitled "Alice," and a plate of colored fashions, containing two figures. The contents are good, but perhaps a little inferior to those of last month. The "Forlorn" is fine—as are many passages in Alice. W. W. Story has two good sonnets. The tales are readable, but perhaps not of a character to please the mass. Some of the literary notices display critical acumen. On the whole this is a good number, and we heartily wish the work success. *Drew & Scammell, agents.*

BEAUCHAMPE, OR THE KENTUCKY TRAGEDY.—*by the author of "Richard Hurdis"*—1 *vol. Lea and Blanchard.*—This novel is founded on one of the most tragical occurrences recorded in the criminal jurisprudence of Kentucky. In the hands of such a writer as the author of "Richard Hurdis," the events could not fail to be made thrillingly interesting, and we find accordingly that Beauchampe is the most deeply interesting novel of the season.

The City.

☞ The District Court on Saturday last, decided that although the plaintiffs who brought suit upon the notes of the Bank of the U. States, prior to the act of 4th of May, 1841, were entitled to receive 12 per cent. interest until judgment, they were entitled to 6 per cent. interest only upon the judgments. The question was fully argued by Mr. Brooke on the part of the Bank, and Messrs. Earle and Campbell on the other side.

☞ The Commissioners of the District of Spring Garden, on Monday elected N. L. Hatfield, M. D., a member of the Board of Health. The Commissioners of the Northern Liberties elected R. L. Lloyd and R. E. Carpenter. The Commissioners of Kensington elected Isaac Boileau, Esq. The Commissioners of Southwark elected Dr. D. F. Condie. The Commissioners of Moyamensing elected C. F. Breuill.

☞ During the last week several suspicious, flash looking gentlemen appeared in town and took lodgings at our principal hotels. These distinguished visitors were emigrants from New York. On Sunday four of them were arrested on suspicion of felony and committed to prison in default of bail. Philadelphia is always ready to do honor to distinguished strangers.

☞ The Annual Report of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, for 1841, has just been published. There were at the beginning of the year, 106 pupils, 61 boys and 45 girls; 72 are supported by Pennsylvania, 12 by Maryland, 7 by New Jersey, and 15 by their friends, or the funds of the Institution. The expenses exceed $18,000.

☞ The new patent pump of Mr. Kimball which has been put down in Chesnut street in front of the State House, attracts general attention, on account of its neatness and the facility with which it works. By the bye why do not Councils place pumps, with iron ladles, at various points in the city, for the accommodation of wayfarers?

☞ On Friday afternoon week a man named Lewis Hubb, residing in Schuylkill Sixth street below Lombard, while engaged in pushing a boat across the Schuylkill from Lombard street wharf, fell overboard and was drowned. Verdict of the Coroner's jury—"accidental drowning."

☞ In the matter of the writs of *habeas corpus*, taken out by Messrs. Biddle, Cowperthwaite, and Andrews, the Court of Common Pleas decided on Monday in favor of the motion of the Attorney General—that is to say, that the writs shall be argued before the Court of General Sessions.

☞ The store of Messrs. R. Woods & Brothers, grocers, in Front St. above Poplar, was burned down on Saturday morning. The loss is $10,000—insurance $6,000. The fire spread so rapidly that the persons up stairs had to escape by the windows.

☞ The Honorary Degree of Doctor of Medicine was conferred on sixty candidates at the late commencement of the Jefferson Medical School of this city. The address of Dr. Huston on the occasion was appropriate and elegant.

☞ John Slack, engineer, was thrown off the locomotive on the Columbia Railroad, near Whitehall, on Tuesday, and run over by the train. His right leg was horribly mutilated.

☞ A little boy, six years old, named Edward Hopkins, was drowned on Friday week, by falling into a sewer. He was missed several days before the body was found.

☞ Governor Porter has pardoned Hassinger, lately convicted for issuing forged certificates of loan of the Philadelphia, Germantown and Norristown Rail Road Company.

☞ Messrs. Biddle, Cowperthwaite and Andrews have applied to the General Sessions by writ of *habeas corpus* to be discharged.

☞ A miser lately died in our city, when $8000 in specie were accidentally found concealed under a wood pile in his cellar.

☞ Mrs. Julia Cavenaugh in a fit of insanity drowned herself at the lower end of the Marine Railway Wharf on Saturday night.

☞ The Horticultural Society met on Tuesday at the Chinese Museum Saloon. The display of flowers was magnificent.

☞ The Schuylkill Navigation Company has decided not to reduce the toll on coal from 75 cents to 50 cents as solicited.

☞ There is another collection of Paintings at the Artist's Fund Hall. Admission free. Everybody will go there.

☞ Messrs. Meredith and Binney have given opinions in favor of the constitutionality of the resumption law.

☞ Mrs. M. A. Hamilton lectured on Monday night at the Musical Fund Hall, on Phrenology.

☞ The Express Line for Pittsburg now starts at 6 A. M. instead of 8 A. M.

☞ Many extensive mercantile failures have taken place during the week.

☞ Dr. Lardner's last lecture will be delivered this evening.

☞ The Presbytery of Philadelphia met on Tuesday.

☞ Mr. Maffit has been preaching to crowded houses.

From Florida.

Florida dates to the 4th inst. have been received at Savannah. The celebrated chief "Short Grass" was captured on the 27th ult. by Maj. Plympton, of the Second Infantry. Halleck-tus-te-nugge has again made his escape with his band, to the east of the St. Johns.

Our Foreign Relations.

The Creole Case—The Right of Search—Gov. Cass Pamphlet—Refusal of France to Ratify the Treaty for the Suppression of the Slave Trade—is a War with England Probable?—Our Army and Navy.

By a reference to the Foreign News, it will be seen that the British Government has assumed an attitude in regard to the Creole Case, in direct opposition to that taken by our Secretary of State in his letter to Edward Everett—a letter which we published a fortnight since in our columns. The American Cabinet has instructed our Minister at the Court of St. James, to demand indemnification for the slaves of the Creole, liberated at Nassau, while the British Government has already expressed its determination to discharge not only the innocent portion of the slaves, but the mutineers also. The English Ministry has further declared that the subject does not admit of indemnification. This resolution they have came to even before the matter has been made the subject of negotiation betwixt our Cabinet and their own. They have therefore estopped themselves. They cannot consistently change their ground, even if they should subsequently wish so to do. We have not the least doubt that the English Government will maintain its present position on this question, refusing all indemnification to our Government on account of the liberated slaves. Now, will our Government maintain the position assumed in the letter of Daniel Webster, for if so, the two Cabinets *must*, it is evident to every one, come into direct and angry collision?

On this question also there can be no doubt. The ground of our Government has been already taken. The letter of Mr. Webster was not written without consultation, and it is known that this letter expresses the unanimous opinion of the Cabinet. The position that the British Government is bound, at least, to afford redress to the owners of the slaves on board the Creole, will be maintained by the administration inflexibly. What then will be the result?

Before replying to this question, let us advert to another matter which will have an important bearing on the result of these negotiations. We allude to the *question of the Right of Search*. On this subject we have heretofore expressed ourselves fully, and we shall not now delay to recapitulate our views. We must, however, advert hastily to the points at issue. England, let it be remembered, does not *now* claim a right of search indefinitely, but confines herself to a certain latitude on the coast of Africa. Her right to search us there, however, is based on her right to search us in other seas, since we have never yielded to her *by any treaty*, the right to search us in that latitude. Consequently, if she *has* a right to search us on the African Coast, that right must exist independent of any treaty. But that right cannot exist independent of a treaty, without she has the right to search our ships anywhere. Every jurisconsult will see this at a glance; and we believe it will be quite as plain to others less accurately read.

This is the view, at any rate, which our Government, from the days of Washington downward, has taken of the question. *We have always denied the right of search*, denied it in every shape, for any purpose. Our Government has denied its legality on the coast of Africa, with quite as much fervor as she denied it in the case of the Chesapeake. It is true, if America had granted to England, *by treaty*, the right to search our vessels on the African coast, and *there alone*, that this irritating subject would long since have been set at rest. But our Government has not made such a treaty. Consequently we must meet the question in its present aspect. In that aspect it narrows itself down to the single query—has Great Britain the right to search our ships under *any* pretence? This is a question which all parties, when it is presented thus, will answer at once and negatively.

It has been the policy of Great Britain for a century, however, to establish this right of search; and though she has long ceased to assert it with regard to the great powers of Europe, she has never disowned the right. It has fallen into disuse, but not been abolished. She exercised this right over our ships up to the last war, but since then has ceased to assert it in practice until lately on the African coast. But she has never admitted that she did not possess this right. The treaty of Ghent is silent on the subject. Her representatives refused to treat if the abandonment of the right was insisted on by our plenipotentiaries, and those plenipotentiaries saw fit, under the circumstances, to pass the subject by in silence. England, therefore, still maintains the right of search, while America denies it.

The question was in this attitude when a convention was agreed upon betwixt France, Austria, Russia, Prussia and England, for establishing the mutual right of search on the African coast, in order to forward the suppression of the slave trade. Our Government did not see fit to join this convention. America maintained her old attitude. But it is evident that England considered she had *cornered*—if we may so speak—the American Government. She reasoned that, if the convention went into effect, it would establish as *law*, that the right of search existed on the African coast. This is evident from the tone of her journals. The London Times of January 5th hints that the European powers, parties to this treaty, "will not brook to be thwarted by any ordinary restiveness. A single war with Great Britain she (the United States) has already tried; a war on her part with all Europe, will be a novelty." Under cover, therefore, of this convention, it is quite probable that England intended to force this country, as well as the lesser powers of Europe, into the provisions of the convention. Now, however willing he might be to enter into a treaty on the subject, no American would consent to be coerced into the matter. And it is quite evident that if our Government had refused—no matter why—to enter into a convention, it would not submit to be driven into one. Yet the position would have been a difficult one. From being thus outwitted by the English diplomatists our Government has been saved by General Cass, as will be seen on reference to the foreign news.

Governor Cass, no sooner heard of the progress of the treaty, than he published a pamphlet in French, asserting the rights of the United States. The popularity of our Minister at the French Court, at once gave this pamphlet vogue, and every political journal in Paris took sides with him. The consequence was, that the French Government refused to ratify the treaty. But more. M. Guizot, the Minister, in a debate in the French Chamber of Deputies, expressed himself thus, on the general question at issue betwixt America an England.

"England claims, in the vessels of the United States, a right of impressment; England maintains that, where, for any reason whatever, she has the right to examine any American ship, she has the right to seek for English deserters, to take them and send them to England. She does not claim the right to enter the American vessels with this special object. No, she does not go so far; but she contends that whenever she enters an American ship, for any purpose whatever, she can *exercise* the right of impressment upon all the English sailors she may find on board.

Here is the great motive of the energetic resistance of the Americans to the English right of entry, under whatever pretext it is presented, *and in my opinion the Americans are right*. If the English claimed to come to seek English sailors on board French vessels, certainly we should resist like the Americans."

These two questions—that of the Creole and that of the Right of Search—far outvie in importance the Boundary Question,—and, unless they are evaded, by one or both governments, will make a war, at least, probable.

We had intended to say a few words on the propriety of putting ourselves in a state of defence, to be prepared for the worst. We wished to discuss the present condition of our Army and Navy, and the best means to be resorted to, in order to increase our marine and land forces. But our article has already grown to an extent which may prove tiresome, and we shall therefore postpone our remarks. Indeed, threatening as our foreign relations appear, we still hope that there will be no war.

Camden and Amboy Rail Road.

By the report of the Directors of the Delaware and Raritan Canal and Camden and Amboy Rail Road and Transportation Company, we learn that the nett receipts during the year 1841, was $215,116 79. The whole number of through passengers, which passed over the Rail Road in the same year, was 162,810; of merchandize, 14,579 tons. The coal trade has occupied the attention of the Directors, and they have it in contemplation to establish depots at Amboy, or some suitable point between Brunswick and New York Bay, and to offer inducements for dealers to establish themselves at such places, in order to facilitate the transportation to the eastern States. Vessels loading at these depots are relieved from the heavy port charges, wharfage, &c., demanded in New York, and by purchasing coal at them for eastern ports are to receive a bounty of ten cents, on each and every ton of coal so purchased by them.

France a Mediator.

Under old treaties of France with Turkey, the former was recognized protectress of all the Catholics in the East. The Ottoman government has lately been reminded of this fact by the French Diplomatic agent, and the occasion has been embraced to urge the Porte to use moderation towards the Syrian Maronites, to advise it to employ more conciliating measures towards Greece, and to declare that any attempt against Tunis would be considered as an act of hostility against France.

Lord Ashburton.

News from England states that Lord Ashburton has embarked for America in the Warspite Frigate, and was expected to make the passage in thirty days. This agrees with what was stated in a letter from Washington, stating that his arrival in the Chesapeake was looked for.

Battle in Peru.

A great battle has just taken place in Peru, in which the President of that republic has been killed. Our readers perhaps are aware that this officer, some time last autumn invaded the Republic of Bolivia with a strong force, in order to put down a movement which had taken place there in favor of Ex-President Santa Cruz, formerly "Protector of Peru and Bolivia," who was deposed and driven from the country by a Chilian invading army, aided by a portion of the Peruvians, at the head of whom was General Gamarra. This tool of the Chilians was then raised to the Presidential Chair as successor to President Santa Cruz; his jurisdiction, however, being confined to Peru, as it was a leading object of the Chilian invasion to sunder the union which had been formed by Santa Cruz between Peru and Bolivia. During his expatriation, the Ex-President has passed most of his time in Guayaquil under the protection of General Flores, President of the Republic of Ecuador. Both Santa Cruz and the Bolivians have evinced an anxious desire to re-establish their former relations; and several insurrections, more or less general, have taken place for the accomplishment of this object. It was a movement of this kind, as we said above, which led to the recent invasion of Bolivia by a Peruvian army, commanded by President Gamarra in person. General Ballivian, Provisional President of Bolivia, on seeing his country's territory thus violated, declared war against Peru, and the result of the conflict has just reached us, viz. Panama and Jamaica.

The news was brought to the latter place by H. B. M. schooner Hornet, from Chagres, which arrived on the 7th ult. Victory declared for the Bolivians who repulsed the invaders with the great slaughter. The battle, it is said, lasted only 30 minutes, yet there were killed, wounded or taken prisoners, of the Peruvians, about 3000 men, out of an army of 4000; while the loss of the Bolivians, in killed and wounded, was only 150. The Bolivian force amounted to 7000 men. During the action, the President of Peru, Gen. Gamarra, was shot. This, we presume, will put an end to the war, or be the signal for the restoration of Ex-President Santa Cruz to his former dignity. The Chilians may possibly interfere to prevent it, but if they do, there is an even chance that they will share the fate of Gamarra.

Literature Abroad.

We have received, by the Acadia, our list of works about to be published in London. Among them we notice a novel by the author of Rattlin the Reefer—entitled "Sir Henry Morgan, the Buccaneer;" "Modern Flirtations," by Catharine Sinclair; "Anne Boleyn," a new historical novel by Mrs. Thompson; "De Montfort," a new novel, either by Ward or Bulwer; a romance of the East, called "Karah Kaplan," by the Hon. Charles Saville; "The School for Wives," a new novel, by the authoress of "Temptation;" a "Pilgrimage to Auvergne," by Miss Costello; and an "Expedition to Syria," descriptive of the late campaign, the Seige of Acre, &c., by W. P. Hunter, Esq.

The Smuggling Cases.

The Supreme Court of the United States has confirmed the decision of the Courts below, relative to certain seizures of cloth goods, imported into this country by British subjects, in violation of the Revenue laws. This decision vindicates the conduct of our Government officers in making the seizures, and puts at rest the notion, that provided you can swear yourself through the Custom House, your goods are safe from seizure. The goods referred to were all fraudulently under invoiced, and had passed the New York Custom House.

Export Flour.

A letter from London, received in Boston, states that flour purchased here at $5,75, will pay a profit of ten per cent. to the American exporter.

Thames Tunnel.

This great work is at length completed, and will be finally opened to the public about the middle of April.

Congressional News.

WASHINGTON, March 9, 1842.

SENATE.—In the Senate after the usual preliminary business, the District Bank Bill from the House, which authorizes the banks to pay out depreciated funds so long as the banks of Richmond and Baltimore do not pay specie, was passed on first reading, by a vote of 21 yeas to nays 18.

The order of the day brought up the bill to amend the act entitled the act to appropriate the proceeds of the sales of the public lands, and to grant pre-emption rights, approved September 4, 1841. The immediate question pending was the following amendment, submitted by Mr. McRoberts, on yesterday, viz:—

"That so much of the act entitled 'An act to appropriate the proceeds of the sales of the public lands, and to grant pre-emption rights,' approved September 4, one thousand eight hundred and forty-one, as excludes from the right of pre-emption those who settled upon the public lands before they were surveyed; and so much of the said act as excludes from the right of pre-emption those who own three hundred and twenty acres of land elsewhere, or those who removed from their own land to reside upon the public lands; and so much of said act as denies a pre-emption to all persons who are not citizens of the United States, or who had not filed their application to become citizens, before they settled upon the land; be and the same is hereby repealed and modified, so as to allow a pre-emption to all persons who are entitled to the same according to the other provisions of that act; and all persons who shall become citizens of the United States, or who shall file their declaration in the proper court of record, to become citizens at any time before the public sale of the land upon which they reside, and who shall have made the settlement and improvements required by said act, shall be entitled to a pre-emption under the same."

Messrs. McRoberts, Smith, and Clay, spoke incidentally to the subject, when the Senate went into Executive Session.

HOUSE.—In the House, after the disposal of some private business, the General Appropriation Bill was resumed in Committee of the Whole. The question pending was on an item appropriating $25,000 for the State Department. There was much talk but nothing done.

WASHINGTON, MARCH 10, 1842.

SENATE.—Mr. Linn, of Mo., on leave reported a bill for the relief of Major General Andrew Jackson, in consequence of a fine imposed upon him at New Orleans while in the service of the United States.

A question arose as to the reference of this bill.

Mr. Linn moving its reference to the committee on claims, and Mr. Graham to the committee on the Judiciary. The reference to the Judiciary prevailed.

The bill to amend the Distribution Act for the purpose of favoring those receiving the pre-emption benefits under the law, was then taken up.

Mr. Smith, of Ind., spoke in reply to Mr. McRoberts, who yesterday addressed the Senate at some length upon the proposed amendments.

Mr. Smith having closed,

Mr. Clay moved to lay the bill upon the table. The motion prevailed, and the resolution of the Senator from Kentucky, in relation to the tariff, and other questions were called up for consideration.

Mr. Woodbury being entitled to the floor, addressed the Senate at considerable length in defence of the resolution.

Mr. Woodbury reviewed the resolutions at length, and having closed his remarks,

Mr. Simmonds expressed a desire to continue the debate.

Mr. Tallmadge moved an Executive session, which was agreed to.

HOUSE.—Mr. Fillmore, of N. Y., moved that the House be resolved into committee of the whole for the purpose of considering the question which has now been pending in the House for five weeks past.

No opposition was made.

Mr. Briggs, of Mass., resumed the chair in committee, and the debate proceeded.

Mr. Gentry, of Tenn., was entitled to the floor. Mr. G. was in favor of the reforms which had been proposed.

Mr. Cushing, of Mass., continued the discussion.

Mr. Giddings, of Ohio, rose next to continue the discussion, and was disposed to make an opposition speech, or one in reference to abolition matters.

The vexed question being got rid of, another presented itself, which was finally disposed of, and the debate at three o'clock proceeded to order.

Mr. Brown, of Penn., made a speech for the purpose of changing the issue in regard to the delay on the bill before the House.

Mr. Everett, of Vt., continued the discussion, but Mr. E. can never be heard by the reporters.

Mr. McKay, of N. C., spoke next.

The question before the House was soon changed. Mr. Wise had withdrawn his amendment, and Mr. Caruthers' fell with it.

A motion was then made to strike the thirteenth section from the bill. This relates to the contingent expenses of the Senate. The debate was recommenced upon the same items which had before been considered.

Mr. Everett, to get a vote upon the question, moved to reduce the appropriation from $25,000 to 12,500. Tellers were called, and the vote was 68 for the reduction and 66 in opposition.

A motion was then submitted by Mr. Caruthers to strike out the whole appropriation.

The vote was 87 in the affirmative, and 54 in the negative.

After reading another item of the bill, a motion was made that the committee rise.

The vote was 86 to 69, and the committee rose.

The Speaker resumed the chair, and the House without farther action adjourned.

WASHINGTON, MARCH 11, 1842.

SENATE.—Mr. Buchanan presented several memorials from Penna., asking for an increased protection upon the articles of iron.

Also, memorials from Pennsylvania manufacturers, who manufacture $7,000,000 worth of manufactured goods per annum, and who ask for a revision of the Tariff so as to do away with the effects of the Compromise Act.

Mr. Sturgeon, of Penn., also presented a number of similar memorials.

The Reports from the Standing Committees, as well as the Resolutions were of no public interest.

The general orders were discussed until the special orders were called for. The special order was the Resolutions of Mr. Clay.

Mr. Simmonds, of R. I., was entitled to the floor, and addressed the Senate at length, upon the Retrenching and other Resolutions which had been submitted to the Senate.

Mr. S. spoke until nearly three o'clock.

Mr. Calhoun followed, with a series of explanations, and Mr. Woodbury replied to so much of the remarks of the Senator from Rhode Island as related to him.

The Senate went into an Executive session, and after a short time spent therein, the doors were opened, and it adjourned until Monday next.

HOUSE.—Mr. Wise, of Va., submitted a Resolution, instructing the Committee on the Judiciary to inquire into the best method of separating the printing press of the Government from the political press. There was no objection to the Resolution.

Mr. J. R. Ingersoll, of Penn., submitted a Resolution, instructing the Committee on the Judiciary to inquire into the expediency of legislating, in regard to the summoning of Jurors by the Federal Courts, where the local laws are not sufficient.

Mr. Fillmore, of N. Y., at an early hour, moved that the House resolve itself in Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union, and the General Appropriation Bill. The yeas and nays were ordered, and the motion prevailed by a vote of 82 to 81.

Mr. Briggs took the Chair, and the debate proceeded.

The clause in the bill first considered, was an appropriation of $3,350 for fuel, labor, &c., at the State Department. Mr. Stanley moved to strike out this clause, and the motion prevailed, 130 ayes, and the noes not counted.

The nineteenth section was next read. It appropriates $20,000 for the salaries of clerks and messengers. Mr. McKeon, of N. Y., moved to change it to $14,000, on the ground that a surplus remained from last year's appropriation bill.

Mr. McKeon's motion was rejected, and the discussion continued upon the bill.

The appropriation was then increased $50, on motion of Mr. Fillmore.

Mr. Stanley, of N. C., followed, with a motion to strike out the appropriation for Mr. Auditor Miller. The reason given by the member was, that Mr. Miller was a faithless public officer, and was known to be such by the House.

Without taking a vote, between three and four, the Committee, on motion of Mr. Barnard, of N. Y., rose, and the House adjourned.

WASHINGTON, March 12, 1842.

The Senate did not sit to-day, having yesterday adjourned over to Monday next.

HOUSE.—*Resolutions.*—Mr. Greene moved the adoption of a resolution instructing the Committee of Ways and Means to inquire into the expediency of reporting a bill imposing a duty of 20 per cent. upon wines, teas, and silks, which duty may be advanced as the necessities of the Government may require.

Objections were made to the reception of the resolution, when Mr. Green moved a suspension of the rules. The motion did not prevail, the vote in favor of suspension being 70 to 57.

The minority of the Committee on the Judiciary reported a bill adverse to the former report declaring it inexpedient to report a bill to amend the Bankrupt Bill by including corporations. The members of the minority of the Committee declare it expedient to report a bill to include corporations, and they propose to recommit the bill under consideration for the purpose of having corporations included.

The subject was left an open one, under the general understanding that this day was to be devoted to private business exclusively.

The private bills were then considered which had been passed upon in Committee of the Whole, on Saturday last.

Several were passed upon without opposition.

A contested bill was at length reached, in regard to a revolution claim. Opposition was made to it upon the ground that no bill should pass which did not come within the provision of some of the laws in reference to pension cases.

It was argued by the Committee that no case had been reported upon which did not come within the operation of some one of the laws. The question in dispute was one of construction, and the Committee contended that they had construed the law rightly.

The debate went on upon the one bill and the one idea until 2 o'clock, the question being discussed by Messrs. Sprigg, Hopkins, Mathiot, and Talliaferro, when Mr. Hopkins moved to lay the bill upon the table, giving as a reason that he understood the committee were about to report a general bill, which would meet the individual case under consideration.

Upon a division the House found itself without a quorum.

A motion was made to adjourn, and lost, 83 to 23.

A motion was made to go into Committee of the Whole, and lost by a large vote, no quorum voting.

It being impossible to do any business, the House adjourned before 3 o'clock.

WASHINGTON, March 14, 1842.

SENATE.—The time of the Senate was much occupied to-day by petitions; among others were a large number from Pennsylvania on the subject of the tariff. Mr. Clay, in presenting one from the widow of Blennerhasset, charged with being a participator in Burr's conspiracy, addressed the Senate in some beautiful and touching remarks. He denied, from the character of the man, his love of retirement and lettered ease, and the elegance of his acquirements, that he could have ever been engaged in the affair. The petition was for damages done to the property on the seizure of the island in the Ohio, on which he lived, by the American soldiers.

The order of the day being Mr. Clay's resolutions on the tariff, &c. Mr. Choate spoke on them, confining his remarks exclusively to the one relating to the tariff. He advocated its constitutionality, and maintained its expediency by quotations from a large number of authorities. He entered largely into statistics touching the commerce of the country.

When he had finished, the Senate went into Executive session, and after some time spent therein, adjourned.

Mr. Graham was confirmed as Postmaster of the city of New York.

HOUSE.—A Bill authorising the U. S. Judges in Pennsylvania to appoint Commissioners and perform the usual duties of Judges in summoning jurors for their courts, was by the aid of the previous question passed.

The residue of the day was occupied with memorials. One on the subject of the Bankrupt Law gave rise to some motions, but it went over for debate on another day—and thus we are to have this prolific theme again talked to death. Mr. J. R. Ingersoll on leave introduced a resolution which was adopted, referring to the Committee on the Judiciary the propriety of authorising by law, a special session of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

WASHINGTON, March 15, 1842.

SENATE.—The Senate were in session at a late hour on Monday evening, engaged in Executive nominations of a military character. Mr. Graham's nomination to the New York Post Office was confirmed without opposition.

Mr. Allen, before the Senate proceeded to the special order, called for the consideration of a resolution submitted by him in January, asking for information in reference to the effects of the Distribution Bill upon the Treasury, and in reference to the details of the operations of the Bill.

The amendment was read as offered by Mr. Rives, when Mr. Allen proceeded to debate the Resolution, and give his reasons for the adoption of it in the form in which he had presented it. Mr. Allen promised to be brief in proving that there had been waste and profligacy in the legislation of the country by the present Congress.

After Mr. Allen had closed, Mr. Rives said a few words upon the Resolution. Nearly two months had elapsed since its introduction to the Senate; he wished to see it disposed of, and he would prefer that it should be modified in the manner which had been suggested at the time the Resolution was introduced.

The subject was then passed over until to-morrow.

Mr. Clay's series of Resolutions were then introduced, and Mr. Miller, of New Jersey, addressed the Senate at length. The Tariff Resolutions were those particularly discussed. It was contended that the receipts into the Treasury should be equivalent to the expenditures of the Government. This was the duty of the Government, and he would impose such an amount of duty as would be necessary to accomplish this object, be it twenty, thirty, or forty per cent. Mr. M. was in favor of the Compromise Act, if it could be construed in this light—if it gave the power to discriminate in favor of American labor over foreign competition.

Mr. Miller had the floor when the Senate adjourned.

HOUSE.—Mr. Stanley, of N. C. and Mr. Botts, of Va. offered resolutions in relation to the Postoffice Department, calling upon the Postmaster General for information as to the extent of mischief done to the Postoffice by the conveyance of letters by private expresses, by the use of coasters and British steamers in conveying the mails. The resolution was adopted.

A Bill was also passed allowing the Eastern District Court of Pennsylvania to hold an additional session.

Mr. Mallory, of Va. reported two bills from the Naval Committee—one of them to erect a new war steamer, (the Bill from the Senate) and the other for the construction of a new Naval Depot. The Bills were referred to the Committee of the Whole.

Mr. Adams introduced a resolution directing the Committee on Foreign Affairs to inquire into the expediency of reducing the number of Diplomatic Agents in the U. States Government.

Mr. Cushing, (a member of the Committee on Foreign Relations,) objected to the Resolution, upon the ground that it was a report from a Committee.

Mr. Adams said he introduced the Resolution as his own, though the proposition had been supported by every member of the Committe on Foreign Affairs, except his colleague.

Mr. Adams moved a suspension of the Rules for the purpose of offering his Resolution. The yeas and nays were ordered, and the motion was agreed to by a vote of 173 to 6.

Mr. Cushing contended that the Resolution, being a report from a committee, was not in order. The Chair decided against Mr. C., and an appeal was taken, but subsequently withdrawn, when the Resolution was adopted.

Mr. Halsted, from the Committee on Elections, made two reports in reference to the case of David Levy, the delegate from Florida. The question in dispute among the two branches of the Committee was, whether or not Mr. Levy was a citizen at the time of his election. Two of the members think that Mr. Levy was a citizen, and four that he was not. The two reports were laid upon the table and ordered to be printed. It is contended by the minority of the Committee, that incompetent testimony has been received as to the fact of alleged alienism.

Mr. Thompson, of Ind., moved a resolution which was adopted, as to the appointment of a Select Committee to classify the salaries of the heads of the Bureaus and those in their employ. The Committee are instructed to inquire into the quality and extent of the labor of all these persons.

Mr. Fillmore, of New York, moved at 1 o'clock that the House resolve itself into Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union, for the consideration of the General Appropriation Bill.

Several items of the Bill were passed upon without debate. The contingent expenses were all struck from the Bill, and all items making appropriations not authorized by law. A good deal of progress was made in the Bill, and much more done in one hour than has been done in many days before.

Various amendments were proposed to the Bill by the Committee of Ways and Means, all of which were concurred in by the Committee.

Legislative News.

HARRISBURG, March 9, 1842.

SENATE.—A large number of reports were made from different standing committees, in order to give the Senate work for the afternoon session, which is consideration of private bills.

Mr. Sullivan (Judiciary) reported a bill to discourage the sale and general use of ardent spirits in this State.

Mr. Fleming, from the same committee, reported as committed House bill providing for the creation of a new Judicial District, to be composed of the counties of Huntingdon, Mifflin, and Union.

Mr. Headly offered a resolution providing that the Legislature shall adjourn on the 23d inst., and meet again on the 19th of July; which was accepted and sent to the House for concurrence. It will, undoubtedly, be necessary for this course, on account of the tardy action of Congress on the apportionment bill.

Mr. Ewing's bill to incorporate a Company to take the main line of Pennsylvania improvements, was taken up in order on second reading, the question being upon Mr. Bigelow's amendment, authorizing the Governor to receive proposals for the sale of the same—and it was negatived.

Mr. McCully moved to amend, so as to require the Governor to furnish to the Senate his views upon the subject of the sale of the improvements. After some debate, Mr. Kidder moved to postpone indefinitely. Mr. Ewing called the previous question; and the hour of one having arrived, the Speaker adjourned the Senate, until half past 3 in the afternoon, for the purpose of taking up private bills, some half a dozen of which passed.

HOUSE.—Messrs. Lane, Heckman, and Kerr, severally presented their reasons for voting for the bank bill in writing, and they were placed upon the journal.

The vote on the bill to provide for the appointment of a corder of wood for the city and county of Philadelphia was re-considered, and the bill was passed, and sent to the Senate for concurrence.

The bill providing for the appointment of a Superintendent of Common Schools, and Librarian, came up in order on second reading, when Mr. Stevens offered a substitute, which provides that the office of Surveyor General shall be abolished, and the duties of the same conferred upon the Secretary of the Land Office; and provides also for the appointment of a Superintendent of Common Schools, who shall attend to no other duties except that of his office, and edit and publish a journal for the benefit of Common Schools. The bill was postponed, and the amendment of Mr. S. ordered to be printed. The substitute bill passed Committee of the Whole.

The resolution relative to adjournment, from the Senate, was debated, and laid over till to-morrow.

HARRISBURG, March 10, 1842.

Just before the adjournment of the Senate to-day, the following important Message was received.

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

GENTLEMEN:—From the embarrassments under which the Bank of Pennsylvania has labored for some time past, it is, in my opinion, more than probable that this institution will be compelled to make a general assignment of its effects, and liquidate its affairs. By the 10th section of the act of 13th March, 1830, extending the charter of said Bank, it is required to perform all the duties of the Commissioner of Loans, and the certificates of stock and transfers were by said section to be made at the Bank of Pennsylvania.

Should the affairs of the bank now be closed, or should it cease to perform its accustomed corporate duties, it is highly important that some suitable person should be appointed to take charge of the stock, books, and the papers belonging to that department. I would, therefore, recommend that the State Treasurer be authorized to appoint a Commissioner of Loans, who shall be required to keep his office in the city of Philadelphia.

The great fluctuation in personal securities and changes of the ownership of stock, make the business of keeping the records of transfers of stock an important matter to the State, as well as the owners. The sales and transfers are principally in the city of Philadelphia, which makes it the most desirable and convenient place for keeping the office.

Nor can I forbear again directing the attention of the Legislature to my former message upon the subject of separating the connection between the Treasury department and this, or any other bank. This institution is now made the agent for paying the interest on the State loans; consequently a legal depository for the funds of the State; and it appears to me that there should be early legislative action upon this subject.

The officers of the bank are solicitous that if they are compelled to make an assignment, the business of the bank should be entrusted, in some measure, to the direction of the officers elected by the stockholders.

The State owns a large amount of stock in this bank, and prudence, as well as justice to the people, requires that such measures should be adopted as will save the stock, or as much thereof as possible. I would, therefore, recommend the passage of such a law in relation to the closing of its affairs, as will be calculated to afford the best security to the holders of its stock, and avoid losses if possible. Probably those who are familiar with the business of the bank—those in whom the owners of the stock have confidence, as well as the creditors—might be the most safe and useful men to close its affairs.

DAVID R. PORTER.

Executive Chamber, March 10, 1842.

The message was referred to the Committee on Banks. Both Houses did as little as they possibly could to-day.

The SENATE spent the majority of the morning in the disposition of all to create a new county out of parts of Luzerne and Columbia, to be called Madison; which passed final reading; together with the bill to extend the time for finishing the Philadelphia and Reading and Pottsville Railroad to December next; and the bill to reduce the capital stock of the Southern Loan Company of Philadelphia.

Mr. Crispin introduced a bill providing for the appointment of an inspector of sole leather, in Philadelphia.

Mr. Spackman's bill to prohibit the issue of any more Relief notes by the banks, was under consideration when the Senate adjourned.

The HOUSE killed the Senate bill to incorporate the North Branch Coal and Iron Company, by piling on the old story of responsibility of stockholders.

The Resolution providing for an adjournment on the 23d inst., to meet again on the 19th of July, was debated all the latter part of the Session, and was not disposed of when the House adjourned.

HARRISBURG, March 11, 1842.

The Secretary of the Commonwealth presented a Message from the Governor, accompanied by a communication from the Governor of Kentucky, relative to the Bank of Kentucky and the Schuylkill Bank.

The Bill granting the assent of this commonwealth to the act of the Legislature of New Jersey, to incorporate the Carpentersville and Delaware Bridge company, passed finally. Also the Bill authorizing the Mayor, Aldermen and Citizens of Philadelphia city, to regulate the travelling on the railroad in said city.

HOUSE.—Messrs. Boone, Futhey and Corry, presented their reasons for voting against the Resumption Bill on its final passage, which were placed upon the Journal.

Mr. Stevens offered a joint resolution to prevent the Banks from issuing or loaning the Commonwealth any further sum of money, under the act of May last.

Mr. Stevens, a Bill to repeal all laws relative to fugitive slaves.

Mr. Roumfort—A joint resolution providing for the abolition of proxies, to prevent Banks from loaning money on other corporation stock as securities, and also to prevent them from acting as agents for the transfer of stocks of other corporations.

Mr. Elwell's resolutions to regulate proceedings between the Assignees of Banks and the Debtors of those institutions, compelling the former to receive their own notes in payment of debts due them, passed final reading with several amendments.

HARRISBURG, March 12, 1842.

The Governor this morning about 12 o'clock, sent to the House a Message, informing them that he had approved and signed the bill providing for a *resumption of specie payments*.

A Message was also received informing the Legislature that he had approved and signed the bill passed yesterday, relative to the schools in the city of Philadelphia.

HOUSE.—The bill repealing the act of last year, relative to the Trenton Rail-road, passed finally by a vote of 50 to 26. It makes it the duty of the Commissioners of the district of Kensington, to pay all expenses incurred since the passage of the act of May, 1841.

HARRISBURG, March 14, 1842.

HOUSE.—A communication was received from the Auditor General transmitting in reply to a Resolution of the House the statement of the affairs of the U. S. Bank for March 1st, 1842.

Mr. Rush reported a Bill from the Committee on Banks, relating to the election of Directors.

On motion of Mr. Hickman, the Judiciary was instructed to bring in a Bill authorizing County Commissioners to repair and re-build Bridges.

The Bill to incorporate the Erie and North-East Rail Road Company, which passed finally on Friday last, came up in order on the motion of Mr. Crabb to re-consider; when after a good deal of discussion the motion was lost, yeas 38, nays 44, and the Bill was sent to the Senate for concurrence. Mr. Straub's Resolution instructing the Judiciary to inquire into the expediency of repealing the Usury Laws of this Commonwealth, was read a second time and adopted.

Dr. Hahn's Bill to compel Brokers to receive "Relief Notes" at par was debated some time. Mr. Beers presented a remonstrance from Philadelphia against its passage, and after being amended so as to require Physicians and Pedlars to receive the notes in like manner, the Bill was negatived. Yeas 37, nays 48.

SENATE.—A Bill was reported by Mr. Crispin to authorise the Governor to appoint a Measurer of Cord Wood in the city and county of Philadelphia.

Mr. Spackman's bill to prevent the Banks from making farther issues under the Act of May 4th, 1841, passed final reading with amendments, making it highly penal for the officers of any Bank to borrow money of the institutions over which they are placed; and also a Section of one of the defunct Bills, which requires the State Treasurer to cancel one fifth of the Relief Notes annually, commencing on the 1st of September next. The bill was then sent to the House for concurrence.

A Bill to incorporate the Kensington and Oxford Turnpike Road Company passed a final reading, and a few other private bills were acted upon.

HARRISBURG, March, 15, 1842.

SENATE.—The bill to reform over-charges in the price for public printing and binding, was discussed at great length in committee of the whole, and after having been adopted to the 6th section, was postponed for the present.

The bill providing for the sale of the line of improvements from Philadelphia to Pittsburg for the sum of about $15,000,000, was under discussion when the Senate adjourned; but no vote was taken upon any of its provisions.

HOUSE.—Mr. McCabe introduced a bill to promote the prompt payment of laborers employed on the Columbia Railroad, and for other purposes.

Mr. Elwell, from the Judiciary Committee, reported a bill providing for the settlement of the accounts between the Bank of Kentucky and the Schuylkill Bank.

Mr. McCahen presented a bill regulating the sales of the Stocks belonging to the Commonwealth.

The bill reported from the Committee of Ways and Means, providing for the raising of $1 500,000 by taxation, to ensure the prompt payment of the interest on the state debt, was under consideration when the House adjourned.

General News.

COST AND EXPENSES OF THE NEW YORK CANALS.—According to a table in the New York Express, the tolls received from the State Canals, enumerated below, have already exceeded the cost and expenses of the works more than $500,000.

	Cost of Construction.
Erie and Champlain,	$10,168,752
Oswego,	543,962
Cayuga and Seneca,	228,092
Chemung,	449,497
Crooked Lake,	140,673
Chenango,	2,394,661
Aggregate cost,	$13,924,637

The total expenses on the above Canals up to September, 1841, were as follows:

To Superintendents of Repairs,	$5,420,955
To Collectors and Inspectors,	483,957
To weigh Masters,	67,656
Miscellaneous,	690,998
Aggregate expenses,	$6,663,566
Total cost and expenses,	$20,588,203
The gross amount of tolls received on all the above canals up to the 30th Sept. 1841, is,	$21,118,254
Excess of tolls over cost and expenses,	$530,051

ACT OF A DRUNKARD.—The Pittsburg Gazette of Thursday, says that on the day before, the inhabitants of Grant street, between Sixth and Seventh streets, were alarmed by screams issuing from a house in the neighborhood, occupied by a Mr. John Bird. On entering the house, the wife of Bird was discovered standing in the middle of the floor, with her clothes enveloped in flames, and the husband standing near her apparently making but little effort to save her. The persons who attempted to put out the fire, discovered that she was tied so as to keep her from assisting herself. The man, who was intoxicated, was taken to the Mayor's office for examination, and the woman had every assistance rendered to her that her dreadful situation demanded. She was shockingly burnt, and it is thought cannot recover. She made oath to the Mayor, that her husband had tied and then set fire to her for the purpose of killing her. The brutal wretch was committed for trial.

THE COMMERCE OF THE UNION.—Mr. Hazard has made the following brief condensations of the Commerce of the Union, as detailed in the last census:

No. of commercial houses in foreign trade,	1,108
Commis. business,	2,881
Capital invested,	$119,295,367
Retail dry goods, grocery and other stores,	57,565
Capital invested,	$250,301,799
Lumber yards and trade,	1,793
Capital invested,	$9,848,307
Number of men employed,	35,963
Internal transportation—No. of men employed,	17,594
Butchers, packers, &c. do.	4,808
Capital invested,	$11,526,950

THE SLAVE TRADE.—The New Orleans Bee says, on authority of passengers from Havana, that the Captain General of Cuba has issued his orders to have every plantation on the island examined for the purpose of confiscating to the profit of the Government all slaves imported from Africa subsequently to the promulgation of the decree. The plantations upon which slaves are found, will be likewise seized and sold for the benefit of the Government. The object of this enactment is to suppress rigorously the slave trade. This probably originates in the hint given by Great Britain to her faithful ally Espartero.

LARGE AMOUNT OF STOLEN JEWELRY FOUND IN MONTREAL.—Constable Clapp, of Boston, on Friday received a letter from Captain Comeau, Inspector of the Police at Montreal, stating that the $8000 worth of jewelry stolen on the night of the 4th of February, from the store of Savage & Co., Montreal, had been found with a quantity of jewelry stolen at Kingston. The letter also states that one of a formidable gang of counterfeiters had been arrested, but that his confederates, taking with them about $30,000 of badly executed bills on the Suffolk Bank, Boston, had made their escape over the lines.

LETTERS AND PAPERS.—The Boston Transcript says—"The mail brought by the steamship Unicorn, was the largest ever arrived in the United States. The number of letters was about 40,000, and there were 40 bags of newspapers. The postage on the letters for New York amounted to about $3300; Philadelphia, $650; Baltimore, $200; Albany, (city and distribution) $500. The clerks in the post-office worked like horses. Twenty-one hands were employed the whole of last night in sorting, counting, &c. the letters and other packages, and by indefatigable exertions every thing was sent in due season."

AN ALARMING DECISION.—An English paper says that a decision has just been given in the Court of Queen's Bench, Ireland, which will carry alarm into many a family. All marriages in Ireland, celebrated by Presbyterian ministers, where both parties are not Presbyterians, are declared invalid. The Presbyterians in Ulster amount to upwards of 600,000, and, we understand, nothing was more common than the celebration of marriages between Presbyterians and the members of other communities, by Presbyterian ministers.

A FACTORY BURNT.—The woolen manufactory of Mr. Ezekiel Showers, Martingsburg, Va., was entirely consumed by fire on the night of the 9th inst. An adjoining building was also destroyed. There was an insurance on the factory of $5000, which would fall considerably short of covering the loss.

A MIXED FLEET.—There was in the harbor of Havana, on the 10th ult., the American cutter Woodbury, the English sloop of war Thunder, and steamer Thunder, the French sloop of war Sabine, (from Pensacola) and the Spanish frigate Isabel II, brig Jason, schooner Infanta, and two steamers.

UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE.—The Canada papers mention a marriage, which was celebrated on the 19th of February at Woodstock. Within a fortnight afterwards, both the husband and wife died of scarlet fever. They were young, and had all the usual hopes of years of mutual happiness.

DREADFUL CASUALTY.—The N. O. Bulletin states, that a man named W. R. Snoot, said to be a teacher by profession, a passenger on board the P. Miller, on her last trip to Natchitoches, fell upon the fly-wheel and was torn to pieces. It was understood he was bound for Texas.

TREMENDOUS FRESHETS.—Great freshets have occurred in the tributaries of the Mississippi. Large numbers of cattle perished on the banks of Pearl river, and in the swamps between the lower end of Lake county and Jackson, in Louisiana.

THE GOLD MINES OF SIBERIA.—Mr. Walsh says that according to the Russian papers, the annual produce of the private gold mines and gold works in Siberia, has increased, since 1829, from 1 to 212 pounds (or nearly 8500 lbs. English.)

FIRE AND LOSS OF LIFE.—A fire occurred in New York, on Saturday night, and an elderly lady named Peters perished in the flames. Mrs. Peters has a son in New Orleans, President of the City Bank.

FAILURES.—New Orleans, (says the Crescent City) is full of rumors of failures for millions, among our mercantile firms, and from all we can hear, we are on the eve of a revolution similar to that of '37.

BISHOP FOR ALABAMA.—The Rev. M. P. Parks, Chaplain at West Point, has been elected Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Alabama.

Financial Record.

Sales of Stocks.

By the Philadelphia Board of Brokers, for the week ending Thursday.

	Price sold for
297 shares Reading R. R.	21½a23
195 do. Girard Bank	3¼a3½
100 do. Phil. Wil. & Balt. R. R.	12½a13
85 do. United States Bank,	2½
30 do. Moyamensing Bank,	30
28 do. Mechanics Bank,	10
20 do. Exchange Bank, Pitts	31
19 do. Northern Liberties Bank,	16
17 do. Commercial Bank,	30½a31
12 do. Penn Township Bank,	9¼
10 do. Far. & Mechanics Bank,	20
10 do. Atlantic Insurance Co.	39
8 do. Mec. & Tradesmen,	6½
4 do. North America Bank,	150a152½
3 do. Philadelphia Bank,	30
1 do. Louisville Bank,	55
1 do. Northern Bank, Ky.	58
$3160 United States Bank Notes,	51a54 per ct. discount
500 Girard Bank Notes,	38 do. do.

New Counterfeits.

Blackstone Canal Bank, Providence, R. I.—50's altered from 5's, vignette a female sitting on a rock, which is not on the true 50's.

Jewett City Bank, Griswold, Connecticut.—5's, letter A, various dates, and payable to different persons. Vignette, a female and sheaf of grain. General appearance bad.

Freeman's Bank, Augusta, Maine.—5's, paper very light and stiff. The word Freemen's, in the bad notes, is spelt *Freemin's*.

Bank of Kent, Coventry, R. I.—1's, most miserably done. Vignette, a spinning machine, or something resembling it.

City Bank, Boston, Massachusetts.—2's, letter A, pay T. A. Williams, Jan. 1, 1841, E. Williams, Cashier, C. W. Cartwright, President. Signature of the Cashier poorly done.

☞ Particular caution is necessary, at this time, to detect the many and well-executed frauds which are now in circulation. One of the most successful of this kind, are those of the altered notes of the worthless Commercial Bank of Millington, Md., which are so ingeniously altered, of their various denominations, to almost every solvent bank, having the word COMMERCIAL in its title, as to deceive good judges of bank notes. When merchants, brokers, and officers of banking institutions, are sometimes deceived, it is no cause of surprise, that the same fraud should be successfully palmed off upon those less experienced.

Another successful fraud, is the recent alteration of the bills of the dollarless North River Banking Company to the notes of the North River Bank.

And a more recent and very successful imposition upon the public, is the counterfeiting of the bills of the Tradesmen's Bank, by stamping the word FIVE in red capital letters across the face of the bill, in close imitation of the genuine.

Army & Navy.

☞ The Army and Navy Chronicle expresses the opinion that the Navy should consist of 5 Admirals; 10 Vice Admirals; 10 Rear Admirals; 75 Captains; 100 Commanders; 800 Lieutenants; 100 Surgeons; 100 Assistant Surgeons; 100 Pursers; 50 Chaplains; 50 Master's mates; 600 Midshipmen.

100 each of Boatswains, Gunners, Carpenters, and Sailmakers.

The Marine Corps, to correspond, should be of the strength proposed by the Colonel commandant—i. e. 3000 rank and file, with the proportion of officers.

☞ At a Naval Court Martial, held on board the United States ship Decatur, on the coast of Brazil, in November, 1841, Passed Midshipman Gough W. Grant was tried upon charges of "disobedience of orders," "refusal to do duty," and "disrespect," found guilty, and sentenced to be suspended from duty for one year, on half pay. The sentence has been approved by the Secretary of the Navy, except so much of it as deprives Passed Midshipman Grant of a portion of his pay, which is remitted. Mr. Grant has since arrived in the United States.

☞ We learn on good authority, says the Army and Navy Chronicle, that nominations have been submitted to the Senate, of

37 Commanders to be Captains.

37 Lieutenants to be Commanders; and

40 Passed Midshipmen to be Lieutenants.

This looks something like putting the Navy on a war footing.

☞ The U. S. ship Ontario, 17 days out, for New Orleans, was spoken on the 6th instant, in lat. 27 37, lon. 72 22. The frigate Constellation, Commodore Kearney, and sloop of war Boston, Commander Long, were at Singapore on the 23d of November. J. C. Richardson, of Louisville, a Midshipman, died on board the Constellation, of fever, September 29.

Political Intelligence.

☞ The Legislature of New Jersey adjourned *sine die* on Saturday last, having passed one hundred and twenty-two laws and one joint resolution. Among the laws passed were one to abolish imprisonment for debt in that State; to provide for resumption and continuance of specie payments by the Banks of that State. Resolutions in relation to the Tariff; to raise by tax the sum of $40,000; and to divorce *nineteen* couples from the bonds of matrimony.

☞ The N. H. Patriot of the 10th gives the returns from 136 towns. In these, Mr. Hubbard leads all other candidates 3830 votes. The towns to be heard from, says the Patriot, will increase his majority over all others to about 5000. The aggregate of the votes given for Governor in these towns is 35,594. The majority of Mr. Hill in 1838 was only about 2800. Mr. Hubbard will have about 2000 votes more than Mr. Hill.

☞ The Legislature of Kentucky, says the Lexington Intelligencer, adjourned on Thursday, after a session of 63 days. The vote upon the Internal Improvement Bill, appropriating $420,000 for the completion of the public works under contract, and the amendment for the benefit of the Rail Road, were finally passed by a vote of 49 to 42.

☞ Almon H. Reed, Democrat, has been elected to Congress from the Susquehanna District, in this State, in the place of Davis Dimock, deceased.

☞ The Legislature of Ohio, after a session of three months, adjourned on Monday, the 7th instant.

Latest London Fashions.

The materials for full dress continue to be worn of the richest description, and double skirts are much in favor, not only for dresses of tulle, crape, and light materials, but also in rich silks, satins, &c. when they are frequently made of two colors; thus an under skirt of white satin had a short upper one of pink, open at the side, and laced up with pink ribbons, which terminate in noeuds; for a full dress the skirts frequently form a slight train behind.

A novel style of trimming for ball dress is small chapels, or circlet of roses a cent feuilles, placed up the side of a crape or tulle skirt. Several velvet dresses have been made of the Puritaine form; high square bodies, with a little fulness at the waist; a hand embroidered in silk or gimp finishes the top of the body. Velvet dresses have also deep borders of stamped velvet. For walking dresses the corsages most in favor are tight, with folds laid on or made in the body; they are suitable for Indian reps, pekins, damas, poults de soi, &c., which are elegantly finished with a double band of velvet on the skirt.

The Amazon form is also much seen, having deep revers ornamented with gimp trimmings; also, in negligee, the sontanelle dresses of drab zephyr, so called from their only ornament consisting of a row of small buttons from the throat to the bottom of the skirt.

Large pelerines of velvet, lined with ermine, and ornamented with rich gimp trimmings, have received the name of monteaux a la Francois I; they have square collars, which form the point on the shoulder, to which tassels are attached. Small manteaux of satin, trimmed with ermine or other fur, are becoming more general.

No particular change is likely to take place, at present, in the form of bonnets. They continue to be made deep at the ears; and the ornaments are usually feathers, or velvet flowers or feuillage. Grecian toques, coiffures Alhambra, Muscovite, Espagnole, &c., are the fashionable head dresses. All coiffures are now worn forwarder on the head; velvet turbans have the crown formed of gold resilles. Coiffures in hair vary; bandeaux, berthas, ringlets sevignes, and curls of every description, are seen, some of the latter very large; with these a slight flower, neud or fancy comb, in cameo or gold, is worn.

From Texas.

The Houston Telegraph of the 23d ult., says the Mexican marauders have become exceedingly troublesome on the western frontier, and have broken up the trade with the settlers of the Rio Grande. They have also killed one or two citizens at Aransas Bay; among the victims is a Mr. Pierce, who resided near Copano. One of the spy companies lately met a large party of these marauders, and after a severe skirmish, in which several Mexicans were killed, completely routed them and took a large quantity of plunder. It is believed this severe chastisement may check their incursions for a season.

A gentleman who left Monterey a few weeks previous, says that he saw no preparation at that place for invasion. No troops had arrived from the interior, but a large number of militia had been assembled at Mier. They were merely rancheros, and were wholly unprepared for a long march. It was the general impression among the rancheros of the Rio Grande, that the citizens of Texas intended to revenge the outrages inflicted upon the Santa Fe troops, and would make an attack upon some of their frontier towns; possibly it is on this account that their militia have been collected?

Hon. Amos Kendall.

This gentleman has retired to private life in good earnest, and become a practical farmer. Mr. Kendall has purchased a beautiful piece of land of 100 acres, near Washington, built a cottage, and moved his family into it.

Alluding to his new occupation, after stating that he will devote a portion of his time to the pen and another portion of it to manual labor, he elegantly says:—"It is the occupation in which we spent the early part of our life; and, in the midst of party strife, oppressed with the labors of public station, we have never ceased to look back with regret to this honorable and peaceful employment. There is no malignity in the earth we till; there is no ingratitude in the plant, flower or tree we nurse and cultivate—there is no envy in the brute animals with which we are surrounded; Heaven and earth combine to reward our toil. The position is looked upon as too humble to be coveted, and there is no aspirant seeking to pull us down. If all around us is not innocence and pleasure, our condition approximates nearer to that blissful state than any other in society."

Retail Prices in Market.

Beef, best, per lb.	8a10	Indian Meal, ½ peck,	8a10
" middling,	5a 7	Rye Flour, qr. cwt.	62a68
" Corned,	5a 7	Wheat " "	$1a$1¼
Veal,	5a 7	Buckwheat, "	68a75
Mutton,	5a 6	Butter, lb.	25a31
Pork, fresh, per lb.	5a 6	" Tub,	16a18
" pickled, "	6a 9	Lard,	9a10
Hams, Jersey,	10a12½	Scrapple, per lb.	5a 6
Jowls,	4a 6	Cheese, "	6a12½
Dried Beef,	8a10	Smearcase, qt.	5a 6
Beef's Tongue,	50a62½	Eggs, per doz.	12a14
Pigs, whole,	50a$1¼	Apples, ½ pk.	10a18¾
Pigs' Feet, set,	12a15	Potatoes, "	6a 8
Sheep Tongues, doz.	18a25	Sweet Potatoes, lb.	2a 3
Fresh Tripe, per lb.	3a 4	Parsnips, qr. peck,	3a 4
Sausages, stuffed, lb.	7a 8	Pickles, per 100,	25a35
" Jersey,	8a10	Beets, bunch,	3a 5
Blood Pudding,	6a 7	Carrots, bunch,	2a 3
Souse Cheese, lb.	8a 9	Turnips, qr. peck,	5a 6
Fowls, pair,	62a75	Onions, rope,	5a 6
" Live,	56a75	Dried Peaches, ½ pk.	25a31
Turkeys,	42a$1¼	" Apples, ½ pk.	25a31
Geese,	50a75	Sand Peas,	7a 8
Guinea Fowls, pair,	37a50	Horseradish, root,	2a 3
Pigeons, pair,	18a25	Hominy, quart,	8a10
Ducks, pair,	56a75	Honey, per lb.	12a25
Rabbits,	12a15	Cabbage, head,	3a 5
Opossum,	20a30	Rhubarb, bunch,	4a 5
Fresh Shad,	25a44	Cellery, "	5a 6
Salmon, pickled, lb.	10a12½	Dried Cherries, qt.	7a 9
" fresh,	13a15	Cranberries, qt.	10a12½
" dry, lb.	18a18¾	Chesnuts, per qt.	7a 9
Pickled Cod,	4a 5	Walnuts, "	2a 3
Fresh, "	5a 6	Shellbarks, per qt.	3a 4
Flounders,	6a 7	Hazelnuts, "	8a10
Perch, string,	12a31¼	Balsam, each,	3a 4
Rock, "	12a37½	Oysters, Bay, 100	20a50
Terrapins, doz.	$2a$3	" Tangiers,	50a75

In passing through the markets the past week, we have discovered nothing new or rare. In the main, prices of the usual stock of Meats and Vegetables are unchanged. Fresh Shad are coming in tolerably plentifully, and are somewhat lower than last week. From the boats they are selling at $25 to $30 per hundred. The best Tangier Oysters that we have seen in the market this season were at the wharf the past week.—*Public Ledger.*

Philadelphia Market.

BARK.—No sales have taken place in Quercitron Bark. Tanner's Bark ranges from $12 to $15 per cord.

COFFEE.—Prices are stationary with limited sales.

COTTON.—Market extremely inactive at the closing prices of last week.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The Flour market continues quite inactive, and the demand is very limited both for shipment and home use. A sale for export has been made at about $5,62½ per bbl. cash. Holders nominally ask $5,75, but less would be taken. Rye Flour is nominal at $3,24. Corn Meal—Last sale was at $2,75 per bbl. It is dull at this price.

GRAIN.—A sale of good Penna red Wheat at $1,27 per bushel. Rye—A sale of Southern at 68 cts. Corn—Some supplies of Southern have come up, and they have been taken at 54 cts for yellow, and 50 for white. Oats—A cargo of Southern sold at 42 cts.

MOLASSES.—No sales have transpired, except by auction.

PROVISIONS.—Demand moderate, and prices steady in Beef, Pork and Bacon. Lard is very quiet.

SEEDS.—The market continues calm both for Clover and Flaxseed. Sales of the former at $5,50a5,62½ per bushel.

SUGARS.—Sales of 70 hhds inferior New Orleans at 4½ cts, 4 mos. By auction 96 hhds common Porto Rico sold at $4,40 to 5,50 per 100 lbs. 60a90 days.

WHISKEY.—No change has taken place.—*N. American.*

ALMANAC.

March, 1842.	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER
19 SATURDAY,	6 2	5 58	7 45
20 SUNDAY,	6 0	6 0	8 41
21 MONDAY,	5 59	6 1	9 44
22 TUESDAY,	5 58	6 2	10 41
23 WEDNESDAY,	5 57	6 3	11 36
24 THURSDAY,	5 55	6 5	12 28
25 FRIDAY,	5 54	6 6	1 11
26 SATURDAY,	5 53	6 7	1 54

MOON'S PHASES.	D. H. M.
Last	3 8 10
New	12 1 18
First	19 5 33
Full	26 8 50

Married,

On the 10th of February, by the Rev. D. D. Carroll, Mr. HENRY F. HOYER, to Miss ADELINE P. daughter of the late Sherlock Rising.

In Haddonfield, N. J. by the Rev. C. E. Wilson, Mr. BENJAMIN F. DEAL, to Miss ELIZABETH H. CHAMBERLAIN, daughter of Godfrey Hoffman, all of Frankford, Pa.

On the 10th inst. by Alderman C. Brazer, Mr. WILLIAM M. STEPHENS, of Montgomery county, to Miss HANNAH HALL, of Delaware county, Pa.

On the 14th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Brainerd, Mr. MARTIN D. BALL, to Miss SARAH MATTHEWS, both of Newcastle county, Delaware.

On the 18th of Oct. by the Rev. E. C. Bridgman, at the residence of A. A. Ritchie, Esq. Macao, China, JOHN HOLLIDAY, Esq. of Abbey Holme, Cumberland, England, to Miss SARAH MCCLELLAND HAMILTON, daughter of the late John Hamilton, Esq. of Philadelphia.

On Tuesday, 15th instant, by John M. Scott, Mayor, Mr. HENRY P. SHARPLESS, to Miss HARRIET D. PRICE, both of Chester county.

At North East, Cecil county, Md. on the 8th inst. by the Rev. Charles T. Ford, Mr. JOSEPH T. STOUT, merchant, of Salem, N. J. to Miss MARY M. only daughter of Jonathan Simpers, Esq. of the former place.

On the 13th inst. by the Rev. George Higgins, Mr. JOHN COOPER, to Miss ANN FLINN, all of this city.

On the 10th inst. by the Rev. C. A. Lippincott, Mr. ROBT. DAVENPORT, to Miss MARY ANN JENKINS, of Maryland.

On the 13th inst. by the Rev. John D. Onins, Mr. SAMUEL FEEHY, to Miss MARY P. TAYLOR, all of Philadelphia.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. R. M. Greenbank, Mr. CHARLES HESSER, of Germantown, to Miss HANNAH FUREY, all of Kensington.

On the 27th ultimo, by the Rev. Thomas Winter, of Roxborough, Pa. Mr. JAMES SHIRLAND, to Miss MARY ANN RILEY, both of Manayunk.

On the 13th inst. by the same, Mr. JOHN PRIEST, to Miss ELIZABETH SCOTT, both of Schuylkill Falls, Penn Township.

On the same evening, by the same, Mr. WM. J. RHOADS, to Miss ELIZABETH ANN RINKER, both of Manayunk.

On the 14th inst. by J. M. Scott, Mayor, JAMES POWELL, to ELIZABETH H. daughter of Saml. Knight, all of this city.

In New Orleans, on the 26th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Clapp, Mr. JAMES SKEYTON, to Miss ANNA MARIA WHITE, both late of Philadelphia.

On Tuesday evening, 8th inst. at Spring Dale, Loudoun county, Va. at the residence of Townsend McVeigh, Esq. SAML. L. PALMER, of Philadelphia, to Miss ANN, daughter of the late Hamilton Thrift, Esq. of Fairfax county, Va.

On the 9th inst. by the Rev. J. L. Burrows, JAMES LOFREE, of Philadelphia, to Miss SIDNEY L. WILLIAMSON, of Delaware county.

On the 10th inst. by Elder Peter Keyser, THOS. MAJOR, to SARAH RICHTER, both of Philadelphia.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Castell, M. H. TOLBERT, of this city, to Miss SARAH JANE PHARO, formerly of Tuckerton, N. J.

On the 10th inst. by the Rev. E. Neville, ROSS WILKINSON, to Miss HANNAH ANN FOLWELL, both of this city.

At St. Matthews, South Carolina, on the 22d ult. by the Rev. Richard Johnson, PINKNEY HUGER, son of Col. Francis Huger, to ANNA M. CHEVES, youngest daughter of Langdon Cheves, Esq.

On the 3d instant, at Salem, N. J. by the Rev. George F. Brown, DAVID SPARKS, to ABIGAIL B. COFFEE, all of that town.

On the 9th inst. by the Rev. A. Tudehope, JOHN COLQUHOUN, to REBECCA PASSON, both of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. SAMUEL S. CARLISLE, to Miss HANNAH PHILLIPS, both of the Northern Liberties.

Died,

On the 16th inst. WILLIAM WARREN, son of David Warren, in the 18th year of his age.

On the 15th inst. at Chews' Landing, N. J. Mr. GEORGE GILLIARD, Sr. in the 57th year of his age, formerly of Philadelphia.

On the 14th inst. in the 64th year of his age, Mr. GEO. W. COMB, after a short but severe illness.

On the 1st inst. in New Orleans, JOHN S. P. CHANDLER, aged 28 years.

At Dover, N. H. 9th inst. JOHN B. H. ODIORNE, Esq. aged 50 years.

On Second-day, the 14th inst. ELIZABETH, wife of Elwood Reeves.

On the 15th instant, after a lingering illness, Mr. JACOB MYERS, in the 29th year of his age.

On the 14th inst. Mr. GEORGE BLUME, in the 90th year of his age.

On the 15th inst. Mrs. LUCILLA CLARKE, in the 29th year of her age.

On the 15th inst. of disease in the head, Mrs. JANE CARSON, aged 72 years.

On Third-day morning, after the short illness of only 5 days, SARAH, the wife of Moses Starr, Sr. East Kensington, Philada. county, in the 68th year of her age.

On the 13th inst. of scarlet fever, ELIZABETH FRAZER, aged 6 years and 1 month, daughter of Thos. M. and Malvina Hughes.

On the 12th inst. Mrs. EVE R. ALBERT, in the 90th year of her age.

On the 13th inst. in the 23d year of his age, CHAS. LITTLE.

On the 12th inst. DAVID REID, late of London, in the 31st year of his age.

On Friday, the 11th inst. MARIA B. SCOTT, aged 3 years and 11 months.

At Cairo, Egypt, on the 15th of Jan. after a short illness, Mrs. MARY BARTOW, wife of John Cook, Esq. and daughter of the late Wm. S. Crothers, of this city.

On the 13th inst. CHRISTIAN FREDERICK, son of Christian Frederick and Maria Knapp, aged 14 months.

On Sunday, the 13th inst. MARY FRANCES EVANS, daughter of Wm. E. Evans, aged 1 year 7 months.

On the 12th inst. Mrs. PRUDENCE SCHNIDER, in the 74th year of her age.

On the 12th instant, in the 42d year of his age, JAMES E. HELF.

On the 11th inst. Mrs. MARGARETTA MANNAL, wife of Andrew Mannal, in the 47th year of her age.

On the 12th inst. of small pox, ANDREW J. LEATHERMAN, in the 6th year of his age.

On the 11th inst. Mrs. MARGARET LOFFBARY, in the 57th year of her age.

Suddenly, GEORGE COOPER, bookbinder, a native of England, long a resident of this city, aged 63 years.

On the 10th inst. EDWARD WM. ROGERS, in the 28th year of his age.

On the 13th inst. in the 83d year of his age, Mr. GEORGE L. COOK.

On the 11th inst. Mrs. MARY ANN BURK, in the 36th year of her age.

On First-day, the 13th inst. of pulmonary apoplexy, ELY WELDING, aged 69 years.

On the 13th inst. J. WARNOCK PATTON, in the 29th year of his age.

On the 13th inst. DANIEL DAVIS, Sr. in the 58th year of his age.

On Friday morning, the 11th inst. GEORGE BOYLSTON, son of Geo. and Sarah Trott, aged 22 months.

On Friday morning, the 11th inst. of scarlet fever, ANNA VIRGINIA, only daughter of Lewis and Mary T. Bitting, in the 4th year of her age.

In N. York, Feb. 17, ELIZABETH HALSEY, 4 years; 25th, ANNE WITHERSPOON, 6 years—daughters, and 27th, SUSAN, 39, wife of Chandler Robbins Gilman, M. D.

On the 11th inst. EDWARD MURRY, Jr.

On the 10th inst. ESTHER FIFF, in the 35th year of her age.

On the 9th inst. THOMAS BRAINERD, son of Henry M. and Mary Carpenter, aged 1 year.

On the 10th inst. CAROLINE M. FRAZIER, in the 21st year of her age.

On the 10th inst. after a lingering illness, Mr. JOHN B. BELLEMORE.

On the 9th inst. JOHN TUTEFER, Sexton of St. Thomas's Church, aged 73 years.

At her late residence in Newton township, Gloucester county, N. J. on the evening of the 5th inst. after a short illness, ELIZABETH, wife of Samuel C. Champion, in the 66th year of her age.

In Trenton, N. J. on Sixth-day, the 4th inst. of inflammation of the lungs, LYDIA CORLIES, in the 76th year of her age.

Health Office, March 12, 1842.

INTERMENTS

In the City of Philadelphia, Southwark, Northern Liberties, Moyamensing, Penn Township, and Kensington.

From the 5th to the 12th of March.

DISEASES.	Adults	Children	DISEASES.	Adults	Children
Abscess Lumbar,	2	0	Brought over,	34	25
Apoplexy,	3	0	——Puerperal,	1	0
Cancer of Breast,	1	0	——Scarlet,	0	7
——Stomach,	1	0	Gout,	1	0
Casualty,	1	0	Inflammation of the Brain,	3	2
Croup,	0	3	——Bronchi,	1	1
Congestion of Lungs,	1	0	——Lungs,	6	4
——Brain,	0	1	——Stomach and Bowels,	0	1
Childbed,	1	0			
Consumption of the Lungs,	9	5	Inflammation of the Bowels,	2	2
Convulsions,	1	6	——Throat,	1	0
Dropsy,	3	0	——Peritoneum,	0	1
——Head,	0	4	Inanition,	0	1
Disease of Brain,	1	0	Marasmus,	0	1
——Heart,	2	0	Old Age,	1	0
——Thyroid Gland,	1	0	Palsy,	1	0
Drowned,	2	0	Scrofula,	1	1
Debility,	0	1	Small Pox,	2	2
Erysipelas,	1	2	Still Born,	0	10
Enlargement of the Heart,	1	1	Tabes Mesenterica,	0	1
Fever, Catarrhal,	0	2	Unknown,	1	0
——Typhus,	2	0	Whooping Cough,	0	1
——Typhoid,	1	0			
Carried over,	34	25	Total,	115—55	60

Of the above there were 8 from the almshouse, 2 from the country, and 19 people of color, which are included in the total amount.

By order of the Board of Health,

SAMUEL W. MARKS, Clerk.

State of the Thermometer.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
March 6,	44	48	48
7,	45	47	44
8,	37	42	52
9,	45	43	43
10,	57	64	63
11,	47	51	53
12,	28	32	42

ROBERT MERRY'S MUSEUM.

Edited by S. G. Goodrich, Author of Peter Parley's Tales.—A New Volume.

WITH January, 1842, will commence a new volume of Robt. Merry's Museum. Within one year from the publication of the first number, this work has attained a circulation of more than 10,000 COPIES!!!

And received the highest commendation from people of every political and religious creed. Encouraged by success so unexpected and gratifying, and in order to give the work a more general circulation, the publishers give notice, that it is their intention to reduce the price, heretofore $1.50, to

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM!!

The full number of engravings will be given, and the same number of pages as heretofore; also four large and splendid Engravings, printed in colors, will be presented during the year. Considering the illustrations and embellishments, the great amount of reading matter, the style of the work, and the cheapness of getting it up, the publishers believe that Robert Merry's Museum is the

CHEAPEST PUBLICATION

Ever issued in this country. A great variety of new, entertaining and instructive articles are in progress, together with a series of striking engravings carefully designed by H. Billings, Esq. expressly for this work. The publishers are determined as far as possible, in every respect, to render the Museum every way adapted to the wants of the Juvenile community. And they respectfully ask all Mr. Robert Merry's young friends who have black eyes, and all who have not black eyes, to give to the Old Gentleman their support and encouragement.

A number of the work will be issued on the first day of every month containing 32 large size pages, of original reading matter, calculated not only to amuse, but instruct the juvenile mind, and to store it with sound and useful knowledge.

LOWEST TERMS.

One copy,	$1 00
Seven copies,	5 00
Fifteen copies,	10 00

All orders must be post paid and accompanied by the money to secure attention. Address

BREW & SCAMMELL, Publishers,

mar 19-2t No. 67 south Third street, Philadelphia.

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS.

THIS extraordinary medicine is a purgative, so justly beloved, and withal so natural to the human constitution, that they cannot possibly injure even the most delicate; at the same time, if used according to directions it is almost impossible for them to fail in driving pain, or disease of every kind from the body. The reason is plain, they purge, (purify) the system from those stagnant and corrupt humors which are the root or cause of every malady. The invalid, therefore, may use them with a certainty of always obtaining relief, and persevere in their use with an equal certainty of being cured. A single 25 cent box of said Indian Vegetable Pills will always give relief, sometimes even beyond the power of words to describe; and will do more to convince the invalid of their goodness, than volumes written in their praise.

WRIGHT'S Indian Vegetable Pills are one of the best, if not the very best, anti bilious medicines in the world, and as they aid and improve digestion and purify the blood are certain to give health and vigor to the whole frame, as well as drive disease of every name from the body.

The following highly respectable merchants have been appointed agents for the sale of *Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills*, in

Hunterdon County, New Jersey.

C C Vail, Trenton; Isaac G Stryker, White House; Apgar, Stevens & Co, New Germantown; Fisher, Apgar & Co, Cokesbury; A & S Clark, Lebanonville Post Office; H Hageman, Readington; Abraham F Lowe, Centreville; Brokaw & Nevius, Clover Hill; M Mattison, Mattison's Corner; Oliver Voorhees, Tewksbury; H Britton, Lambertville; Wm S Hoppock, Prallsville; Fisher & Dill, Sergeantsville; Shaw & Tomlinson, Kingwood; Ellis Hobart, Baptist town; Wm W Hedges, Frenchtown; E & T Vanatta, Milford; Vanderbelt & Johnson, Everittstown; L N Stevens, Pittstown; Jacob Hartman, Bloomsbury; Robert Simonton, New Hampton

Somerset County, New Jersey.

T D Dumont, Somerville; Wm. Tucker, Boundbrook; John Stryker, Six Mile Run; Peter Pork, Centreville; Hall & Dayton, Brackenridge; Vanzandt & Sutphen, Pluckamin; J McKinstry, Liberty Corner; W T Beak, North Branch; Vanosdwick & Conna, Flaggtown; Peter D Stults, Millstone; James G Beekman, Griggstown; S Keeler, Harlingen; R D Johnson, Rocky Hill; Peter L Sebring, Weston; Aaron S Longstreet, Kingston; Peter L Sebring, Millstone.

CAUTION.—As many unprincipled persons are vending Counterfeit INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS, care should be taken to purchase of no person except the authorised agents, and to be particular to enquire for WRIGHT'S Indian Vegetable Pills.

Observe—OFFICES, devoted exclusively to the sale of the Medicine, wholesale and retail,—

No. 169 RACE STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

No. 288 Greenwich street, New York;

No. 198 Tremont street, Boston; 21

PENNSYLVANIA BANK FUNDs, in sums to suit purchasers, for sale by CHARNLEY & WHELEN, mar 19 3t No. 9 south Third street

A NEW ERA IN SCIENCE WORTHY OF ATTENTION.—It has long been a cause of much regret among the thinking and judicious practitioners of medicine, both in this country and elsewhere, that the most valuable chemical principles and medicinal agents are of so nauseous and disagreeable a taste, as to render them repugnant to all, and particularly so to those persons of a delicate system. Frequent attempts have been made to conceal the taste (of physic), but all have been unsuccessful except DR SHERMAN, the manufacturer of the celebrated Lozenges, which are now presented to the public in the shape and form which cannot be otherwise than acceptable. The proprietor stakes his reputation as a medical man on the efficacy of these preparations, and he feels confident that they will be found, upon trial, to be the most pleasant and agreeable way of taking medicine, particularly for children, as all the nauseousness is obviated, and the active properties of the medicine highly concentrated. Care should be taken to keep all articles of medicine from the patient, particularly children, and to impress upon them the idea of their taking some delicate confection.

We know the well founded objections which possess the thinking and judicious in relation to medicines styled "patent or proprietary," and we do not blame them, when we think of the numerous and disgusting compositions which are daily practised upon the unwary, and by an ill-directed action, aggravating a disease which, in their absence, would be, at the worst but slight. But, although these Lozenges may be called proprietary preparation, they cannot be classed with remedies styled specific and patent, no more than the medicinal extract coming from the hand of the experienced chemist can be styled an imposition. We praise the talented physician or surgeon who discovers a preparation, or who invents an instrument by which human suffering may be alleviated, then why should we blame the inquiring and scientific man, who, by his chemical knowledge, presents the once nauseating draught or mixture in the form of a delicate confection, thus surmounting the repugnance which children evince at the sight of medicine. The most convincing proof of the efficacy of these Lozenges is, that though comparatively speaking only a few years have elapsed since they were first presented to the public, they are a standard remedy in every family, and are prescribed by medical men of the first standing, whose names and reputation will at once do away with the imputation of quackery, or a collusion with the unworthy. These Lozenges all possess the medicinal qualities attached to their name, and are without doubt the fittest preparations to give when such remedies are prescribed by a physician or experienced person. They are for sale by the principal agent, W. F. BURGESS, No. 3, Ledger Buildings, corner of Third and Chesnut, and by the following agents.

Colon, 203 Chesnut street

Bower, 409 Market street.

G. Hart, 203 South street.

Spear's Medical Depot, No. 5 North Seventh street.

J. K. Knorr's Drug Store, N. E. corner of Second and Coates street.

George W. Vaughn's Drug Store, corner of Queen and Shackamaxon street.

George C. Bower, corner of Germantown Road and Third st., and by

J. Maul, No. 65 North Sixth street, immediately opposite the old agency. mar 12 3t

NOTICE.—Letters of Administration to the Estate of LETITIA ROBERTS, late of the county of Philadelphia, having been granted to the subscriber, all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims to present them for settlement, to ELIAKIM PANCOAST, Administrator,

mar 12-6t* S. W. corner of Coates and Tenth streets.

THE MUSICAL MISCELLANY No. 5—A Splendid number.

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"LA GRACIEUSE"—An admired Waltz, by Strauss.

"MY HOME IS THERE"—Song by Mr. Dempster—Composed by Wheatley Kirk.

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BURNS & CO.

No. 164 South Second street.

PEACH TREES.—For Sale, a few thousand PEACH TREES of the most approved kinds, suitable for transplanting.

Apply to Joseph J. Hatch near Camden, N. Jersey, or at Hatch & Early's Boot and Shoe Store, S. W. corner of Front and Market streets, Philadelphia. mar 5-6t*

FEMALE BEAUTY! CULPABLE NEGLECT!! It has been observed by visitors from all other countries, as well as by persons of the best cultivated taste in this, that in no country is there a larger share of female beauty and excellence than in this city. Yet, while the shoe-fitter, dress-maker and milliner, are engaged in adorning "nature's best gift to man," one part appears almost totally neglected—THE HAIR. How frequently do the ravages of disease lay waste the delicate form of the fair and beautiful and though restored again to health, yet those flowing locks which once adorned their heads fall off and never again returns to their original beauty. It is inconceivable how any person, more especially a lady, can manifest so much neglect on this point, when a "NEVER FAILING REMEDY" can be obtained by calling at No. 20 South THIRD street, Philadelphia, and asking for Dr. JAYNE'S HAIR TONIC, which will perfectly restore this only neglected part of female ornament.

What is a dollar or two to complete the crowning point of female beauty? jan 29-3m

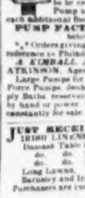
LIFE! LIFE!! LIFE!!! "All that a man hath will he give for his life"—so we find it recorded in the most ancient and best of books, but what, we see thousands dying all around us, with Consumption, Croup, Cough, Asthma, Bronchitis, Spitting Blood, and other pulmonary affections, we are led to doubt the correctness of the above assertion, especially since it is so well known that a certain remedy may be obtained, which always prevents these diseases.

Dr. JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT never fails to give relief, and cures after every other means have failed. This can be, and has been proven in thousands of instances, where it has effected radical cures, after the patient had been given up by all his friends and physicians. This valuable Expectorant is prepared only by Dr. JAYNE, No. 20 South THIRD st. Phila. jan 29-3m

MURDER! "Murder"!! "Murder"!!! the cry of which at all times will arouse the most stupid. Yet murders are daily perpetrated, which excite very little attention. Is not CONSUMPTION daily murdering thousands of human beings? Does not ASTHMA render life a burthen, and then destroy its victim? Does not BRONCHITIS paralyse the usefulness of many of our most eminent Divines and other public Speakers, to say nothing of the thousands of all ages and sexes who are brought into eternity by it? Millions of human beings sink down and die, by attacks of the above and similar affections of the Lungs and throat. Fortunately for mankind, JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT has never been known to fail in giving relief, and has, in thousands of instances, effected permanent cures after all other means had failed.

Prepared and sold only by Doctor D. JAYNE, No. 20 South THIRD street, Philadelphia. jan 29 3m

IT IS THE AGE OF IMPROVEMENTS!



But none of more every-day utility than A. KIMBALL'S IMPROVED PATENT PUMP has yet been made on old fashions. "It can't be beat." It combines great durability, simplicity, and ease of operation. It is secure from frost, easily put up or removed, neat and CHEAP. The working parts are all iron, neatly fitted and not liable to get out of order. The stock is of durable timber saturated with a composition which makes it water proof and lasting. Where once known they become generally used. The only difficulty is to get one introduced so as to be seen and tried. They are put up complete (if none are in the neighborhood) without charge, until fully proved to be superior to any yet known. When ascertained to be entirely satisfactory the price is 16 dollars for a Pump and stock 16 feet in length, and 30 cents for each additional foot. Sufficient references can be given at the PUMP FACTORY, No. 13 Quarry Street, near Third, below Race Street.

** Orders giving depth of well from platform (post paid, with reference to Philadelphia) promptly attended to at A. KIMBALL, No. 13 Quarry street, or SAMUEL COATE ATKINSON, Agent, No. 38 North 6th street, Philadelphia.

Large Pumps for Railroads, Corporations, factories or vessels, Force Pumps, double or single action, for raising water to supply Baths, reservoirs, for extinguishing fires, &c. to be worked by hand or power. Metal Suction Pumps, Leaden Pipe, &c. &c. constantly for sale. jan 8-3m

JUST RECEIVED, a splendid assortment of IRISH LINENS.

Damask Table Diapers, do. do. Cloths, do. do. Napkins, Long Lawns, Barnsley and Irish Sheetings.

Purchasers are invited to examine them.

JOHN WILLIAMS,

jan 29 6m No. 286 North Second near Noble street.

CONSUMPTION! Consumption!!—Dr. Swayne's COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY for Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Difficult Breathing, Pain and Soreness of the Breast, Palpitation of the Heart, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, in short all diseases that are indicative of or that will be likely to lead to Consumption. Those who have used this medicine need not be told of its virtues. As a safe family medicine none can equal it; very pleasant to its taste, and from its tonic and strengthening properties it is very much sought after by those whose nervous system has been impaired.

Dr. W. H. Milnor, Broadway, New York.

Wm. Thorn, Pittsburg, Pa.

G. W. & S. W. Davis, No. 234 Market street, Baltimore.

Rev. J. P. Cook, No. 52

J. S. Morris & Co. Louisville, Kentucky. jan 1 3m

Samuel D. Clark, Hamburg, South Carolina.

J. L. Houston, Augusta, Georgia.

☞ NOTICE.—The sale of my COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY has been entirely removed from No. 10 NORTH EIGHTH street, and can now only be had of the advertised Agents, or at my General Office, Number 34 NORTH SIXTH street, one door below ARCH. DR. SWAYNE.

WM. W. FOUCHE, Dentist, No. 79 North Sixth street, below Race street, where all operations appertaining to Dental Surgery will be performed on the most modern and approved principles, and on terms perfectly satisfactory.

Pinder's Valuable Tooth Powder and Gum Restorative, for the cure of scurvy and removal of all extraneous substances from the teeth, price 25 cents a box. my 1-1y

SILVER PLATE, SPOON AND FORK MANUFACTORY, South West corner of Fifth and Cherry streets. The subscribers have constantly on hand, a handsome assortment of SILVER Plate, Spoons, Forks, and every article belonging to the silversmith business, or manufactured to order in the neatest and best manner, or to match any pattern given, at the lowest manufactured prices.

Persons who wish to purchase, are requested to call at their manufactory, where they will find work not surpassed in the city, for neatness, taste and elegance of finish.

☞ A supply of the best Sheffield and Birmingham Plated Ware, of their own importing, kept constantly on hand, and made expressly to their order.

nov 1 3m—tf R. & W. WILSON.

THE OLIO.

Variety's the spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

Epitaph on a Candle.

A WICKED one lies buried here,
Who died in a DECLINE;
He never rose in rank, I fear,
Though he was born to SHINE.

He once was FAT, but now, indeed,
He's thin as any griever;
He died—the doctors all agreed,
Of a most BURNING fever.

One thing of him was said with truth,
With which I'm much amused;
It is—that when he stood, forsooth,
A STICK he always used.

Now WINDING-SHEETS he sometimes made
But this was not enough,
For finding it a poorish trade,
He also dealt in SNUFF.

If e'er you said "Go OUT, I pray,"
He much ill-nature show'd;
On such occasions he would say,
"Vy, if I do, I'M BLOW'D."

In this his friends do all agree,
Although you'll think I'm joking,
When GOING OUT 'tis said that he
Was very fond of SMOKING.

Since all religion he despised,
Let these few words suffice,
Before he ever was baptized
They DIPP'D him once or twice.

WALLERISMS.—"I don't like such *rose-man-tick* excursions," as the boatman said ven a man vanted him to take him across the river, and trust for the fare.

"I go for a dissolution of the union," as the man said ven he applied for a divorce.

"There's bliss in *ties*," as the lady said to the gentleman who made love to her at the theatre.

"I'm about to take my last drop," as the culprit said on the gallows.

"False one I love thee still," as the man said to his cotton dickey.

"I'm a well *conducted* man, as the drunken husband said when he was *led* home by his wife.

CURING SMOKY CHIMNIES.—There lived in a certain town, years ago, a waggish old man by the name of Skidmore. Being plagued with a smoky house, he had some alteration made in the chimney, but with no good result. One of his neighbors, knowing this, said to him—

"Well, Skidmore, how does your chimney work now?—smoke any?"

"Not a bit."

"What, not smoke!—you know it does as bad as ever."

"I say it don't smoke a bit—the smoke all goes out at the window."

AN IRISH LETTER.—An Irishman wrote to his son in Dublin, the following letter:

"DEAR JEM:—If you are well when this letter reaches you, we are well. By the bearer, I send you my old brown coat; get a *new* one made out of it. Your mother sends you *unbeknowing to me*, five pounds. I hope you will not spend them foolishly; if you do, I can just tell you that you are a silly goose, and I remain your affectionate father.

P. S. Your sister Sally wanted me to tell you to send her a shell comb, but as I forgot it this time, and the letter was already sealed, I will mention it in my next.

Temptations thicken as we yield
And seem less fatal, too;
And every step in vice we take,
'Tis easier to pursue.
Once past the bounds of virtuous life,
Our feet will swiftly glide,
Till we are borne with rapid force
Down, down destruction's tide.

FEBRUARY.—"Well, Pat! can you tell us why February has less days in it than the other months?"

"And be sure! it is a fair answer that ye want?"

"Certainly, we wish to know."

"Och! my darlints, and it is because the month ends the winter, and has, like your father's pony's tail a piece bit off by the cauld weather."

CLASSIFICATION.—A certain lady had a custom of saying to a favorite little dog, to make him follow her, "Come along, sir." A would-be-witty gentleman approached her one day, and accosted her thus—"Is it me, madam, you called?" "Oh, no, sir," said she with great composure, "it was another *puppy* I spoke to."

A GOOD PREVENTIVE.—"Pete, how does your father hamper his sheep to prevent their jumping over the fence?"

"O, that's easy enough; he cuts a hole through one hind leg and sticks the other through it, and then puts one of the fore legs through *that*, for a pin."

CURLIANA.—The Times largely exults at a recent discovery just made by that sagacious print, viz: Why a dog's tail curls to the *left*.—"Dogs," says the Times, "can't do without a curl in their tails, and if the curls were to be *right*, they would *lose them*—because there would be no curls *left*."

HEAR BOTH SIDES.—"Why it's good to get drunk once in a while," said a rummer, "for it cleans a fellow out."

"That's a fact, it does," replied a Washingtonian; "it cleans him out of house, home, money and friends." The rummer bolted.

The bright round silvery moon came up
With many a diamond star,
As Dinah raised the sash and cried,
"MY LUV, IS'T DAR YOU AR?"

A MATHEMATICAL TOAST.—"The fair daughters of Columbia"—May they add Virtue to Beauty, subtract Envy from Friendship, multiply Amiable Accomplishments by Sweetness of Temper, divide Time by Sociability and Economy, and reduce Scandal to its lowest denomination.

A GOOD RESORT.—A fellow without money, having a considerable distance to travel, fastened a chain and padlock to his legs and laid down in a field. He was apprehended on suspicion of being a convict, and conveyed gratis to the jail in the town whither he desired to go.

VERY ACCOMMODATING.—A French regiment at the battle of Spiers had orders to give no quarter. A German officer being taken, begged his life. The Frenchman replied, "Sir, you may ask me any other favor, but as for your life, it is impossible to grant it."

A NEW SECT.—A new sect is about to be founded in New York, the groundwork of whose tenets is, that the eyes were made to wear spectacles, the nose to take snuff, the mouth to kiss the girls, and the chin to rest on the top of a cane.

CHOICE OF WORDS.—An Irish gentleman thus addressed an indolent servant, who indulged himself in bed at a late hour in the morning—"Fall to rising, you spalpeen, fall to rising!—Don't stand there lying in bed all day."

WE'RE GOING THERE.—Young Temperance ladies at the north, now kiss young gentlemen's lips, to see whether they have been tasting toddy. They do this of course from the very purest of motives.

IS HE AN IRISHMAN?—A popular lecturer, in this city, lately spoke of certain fixed stars, "all of which" as he said "were of an exceeding thickness, none of them being considerably small."

A PROPER DECISION.—At a debating society the question was, "If a man saw his father and mother a drowning, which would he save first?" It was decided in the AFFIRMATIVE.

THE BLOCKHEAD AND MAN OF SENSE.—The blockhead is always ridiculous, it is his character; a man of some sense may sometimes be ridiculous, but will not be so long.

APT REPLY.—"Your friend with the mustaches is quite a lion," observed a lady, pointing to a *squirtereen*, with hair on both lips. "Yes," was the reply, "a *dandy-lion*."

SHINPLASTERS.—Getting up in the morning before daylight, tumbling around a room that is full of chairs, in quest of a light, brings about a demand for shinplasters.

QUERY.—What do you think of a young lady whose lips are so sweet that she is obliged to wear a veil whenever she goes into a garden to protect them from the bees.

CAUSE VI.—A notorious rum drinker having died, some one asked the cause of his death—A wag replied, "his breath had become so strong that he could not hold it."

THE INDIAN'S FATE.—An Arkansas paper wishes to know, "what the poor Indians will do when the Buffaloes disappear." We suppose they will have to *bear it*.

EXPLICIT.—"Mistress Grimes lend me your tup!" "Can't do it! all the hoops are off, its full of suds, besides I never had one, because I wash in a barrel."

PUN.—"I can't *find* bread for my family," said a lazy fellow in a public company. "Nor I," replied an industrious miller, "I am obliged to *work* for it."

COQUETRY.—Coquetry is the vice of a small mind—of a mind whose frivolous vanity obscures its vision to every thing open, honest, and honorable.

ABSENCE OF MIND.—A friend of ours lately kissed his wife's maid, and didn't discover his error till the girl cried out, "mistress is a coming."

TURNED OUT.—A man in New Jersey has been turned out of his office in a Temperance Society for being in "high spirits."

PUT OUT.—Not long since, a fellow got into the river at Hartford, in the night, and began to *cry fire*. "He was put out."

A WISE APPLICATION OF THE FINE ARTS.—Some women use paint as fiddlers do rosin—to aid them in drawing a beau.

AH! WE PART.—It's surprising how a farewell squeeze of the hand will often pump juice from the eyes.

CONUNDRUM.—Why is the root of the tongue like a dejected man? Because it is *down in the mouth*.

A NEW SIGN.—That was an impudent fellow who defined woman, "A sign to hang dry goods on."

From the London World of Fashion, for Feb.

The Baron and Baroness.

CHAPTER I.

THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM.

It may seem strange, and yet it is perfectly true, that it is exceedingly difficult actually and well to describe life precisely as it is, even though it be admitted that what is before our eyes, and that which we daily experience, must be far more easily depicted than scenes for which we are indebted solely to our imagination. A slight reflection will, however, show us, that however earnestly we may endeavor to paint only that which is actually the fact, yet still, to make that fact credible, there is something wanting, or there steals over our colors a light, or perhaps a shade, that disturbs the figures, and gives them an appearance that is not natural.

Having made this profound observation, I proceed now to ask the reader, if there is anything wonderful in the fact that I am about to mention—namely, that the Baron and his wife (who was really an angel) set out on a walk from their castle to a small beech-wood that stood on the top of a hill, and from whence they could see huge rocky mountains covered with snow? Is there anything astonishing in this? No. Then I may proceed with my story. The Baron had in his hand a stick, and this stick had a golden head; while the Baroness, who laughed, and then simpered, for she felt truly happy, did not, however, forget that she wore a rose-colored satin robe, and that she was in her hair, and that she was knitting a stocking. The sun was then about setting, and a rosy atmosphere floated, as if it were the work of magic, over the entire landscape. But to be more particular, the stocking which the Baroness was knitting, and that the lady intended for her own use, had now attained a considerable length, when, as she was proceeding along, it caught in a thorny bush. The Baroness tried, and in vain, to loosen the stocking—she even had wounded herself in the attempt to do so—when the Baron, with a bolder hand, seized it, and returned it to her, and then—the Baron, in the open air, kissed the Baroness on her sweet, red, pouting lips, by which means he was very near killing the lady, for her knitting-stock must have been pressed into her heart, but that her faithful and stout-fronted boddice acted as a shield, and—the stocking was caught again in another thorny bush. Now, does the reader see anything strange in this entire transaction?

Perhaps I ought to add that the Baron was about twenty-eight years of age—that the Baroness was twenty-one, and that they were a week married—that they arrived at the castle about the same time—that the Baron was five feet eight inches high, and the Baroness was five foot two—that the Baron had nut-brown hair and a bold heart—that the Baroness had the loveliest little nose, and the smallest foot you would wish to see. If the reader is particularly anxious to know about "the little foot" of the Baroness, I can tell him that it was not any of your cut-down little feet, that seem to be clipped off in front and that have enormously high insteps, with thick screwed-up ancles, that distort a shoe, or show the toes crumpling up, and bursting out of the leather; nor yet was it one of those faultless feet that we see on ancient statues, and wonder at, because the lines so faultlessly develop themselves, and where everything is exquisitely fashioned and miraculously conjoined. It was neither one nor the other; but it was really and truly a very pretty foot.

I might, perhaps, be accused of stating that which is marvellous, if I mentioned that the road by which the Baron and his lady-love travelled was strewed with white sand, and that between the Castle and the beech-wood there were four-and-twenty rose-bushes, and that it was upon one of these that the stocking got entangled. I am afraid to state these things, because if I did, some critic might object that I had not yet mentioned if the month on which all this occurred was May or June, so that one might know whether the haws were yet formed, or the thorn-hedges were covered with flowers. I may, too, be also asked, why I am so niggardly in my details as to be silent both as to the Baron's frock-coat and vest, when I have with such excellent effect, for the sake of the picture, introduced the rose-colored gown of the Baroness—why I have not stated whether the Baron wore a felt, a straw, or a silk hat, or whether he had a cap on, which might make a feature in the story? I say, then, once for all, if these objections be offered, that it would cost me very little trouble to say, that my story begins, and the scene I have described occurred on the 24th of May—that the Baron wore a light-brown frock-coat—that he had on him a white Marseilles vest, and a very pretty cap without a leaf. I do not feel it necessary to say whether he had a pipe, or was in the habit of smoking. But, then, the reader may inquire, why were the Baron and the Baroness going into the beech-wood? Why on the evening of the 24th of May? What had my lord the Baron to do in the wood? and my lady the Baroness also? Why could she not knit her stocking much better in the house, than run the chance of having it hanging on a rose-bush? Why!—but first of all let me say that the Baron's name was Marcus, and that of the Baroness Margarita. Admitting my incapacity to answer all these questions fully, distinctly, and satisfactorily, I proceed with my tale.

The Baron and the Baroness—the latter having, at the especial request of her husband, placed her stocking in her reticule—entered the wood, which the setting sun had covered with a gently-beaming, golden light. It came strong in the eyes of both, and they had to turn round so as to look into each other's faces. And what then said the Baroness when this occurred? Nothing more than what you, reader, would have said—"How exquisite, how incomparably beautiful, does the sun-light appear gleaming through those trees!" And the Baron said—"Nothing can be more delicious than the pure breeze amid these young beech-trees." They proceeded on to the hill. On the top of it stood a little temple constructed of rough wood, from which there was a most beautiful prospect of distant hills, and lovely little lakes, that seemed to float even to the very foot of the hill on which they stood. Around this temple there was constructed a small wooden bench. The Baron and the Baroness sat down and looked around them. The heavens seem to be covered as if with an endless purple-flower, with the exception of the west, that blazed like a great altar, with dark red flames, and the eastern hills, on which some beams still rested, and that glowed like a distant fire, that was momentarily losing the fuel that supplied it.

The sun soon afterward sank below the horizon, and then, as soon as he had departed, there burst forth from a neighboring bush, the warbling of a solitary nightingale, which soon found its echo in the charming notes of some loving companion. This, and this only it was that the Baron had wished for. It is necessary now to let the reader know, that he delighted in the song of this bird, and it was to hear it, that he had brought the Baroness thither. Long—long before this had he, when a boy, and all the stars had departed from the sky, instead of retiring to bed, stolen out to hear in this wood, the nightingales that time out of mind had established there their concert-room. Every one feels a delight, when the object of their love or their admiration is praised by the mouth of strangers; but amid mortals, that bridegroom is indeed most happy, who discovers that what has been to him an innocent amusement is relished as a delight by his beloved spouse—aye, he is even happy, if *she* has the complacency to endure it. Scarcely, then, had the first sweet note issued from the grove, when this young man turned to his wife, and as he did so love trembled in his fixed dark eyes. *But the Baroness shook her head.*

A cockchafer had dashed through her hair, and she thought that something had fallen upon her. The fact occasioned annoyance to the Baron and he knew not the cause of it.

"My love," said he, "does not the warbling of this bird please you?"

"Hist!—hist!" she replied, "it is so very beautiful."

"Why, then, did you shake your head?" he asked.

"A cockchafer flew into my hair, and I was shaking him out," replied the tender lady, and continued to listen most attentively.

And now it may be asked, could not all this have happened on the 25th as well as the 24th of May? And why was the Baroness called Margarita, and not Margaretta?

These are facts, I say, and—I cannot alter them.

CHAPTER II.

A WOOD NYMPH.

But the Baroness listened, she was seen to shudder, for it seemed to her as if some one had penetrated through the grove, and then suddenly turned round, and ran away. The Baron instantly sprung forward. He looked around him on all sides—could discover nothing; and instantly returned to quiet the mind of the Baroness. In a few moments afterwards had four rival nightingales joined together their miraculous notes, and the most sublime sensations in the world, seemed to drop down into the soul of the bride in drops (if they might be called) of a delicious music.

Both exceedingly happy returned to the Castle; for the Baroness had enveloped her splendid hair in a thin kerchief, lest a cock-chafer, or what might be still worse, a bat should fly against her.

Upon their return to the anti-chamber, they found the servant apparently dead upon a stool, and they were doomed to behold a great thief—but then *the thief* was *in the candle*, and the servant was only—*dead—asleep*; for he was tired waiting for them. The Baron then felt pleased as the servant jumped up, and with one hand rubbed his eyes, while with the other he snuffed the taper.

The Baron slept divinely; but the Baroness, I regret to say, had not had such good fortune, for she dreamed that a bat had built its nest in her long hair, and she was tormented the entire night with visions of the most horrible animals. She awoke from *her* sleep sighing and groaning, and was very glad to see the good Baron sleeping not far from her.

The lady bounded lightly from her couch, and as soon as the Baron opened his eyes he beheld her in a very splendid large-flowered silk morning robe, and curling her hair by the side of the breakfast-table, at which the coffee was being prepared—for the Baron was exceedingly fond of coffee. The Baroness made several attempts to have the coffee sufficiently weak; but the Baron remarked in an instant its defect, and insisted on its being too strong. "That," said he complacently, "would not agree with me. For this day, let us consider it lost; but for the future, we must have it weaker, and therefore," said he, "you must hear the nightingales again."

"Oh! what an agreeable and a gentle punishment," replied the Baroness, as she blew out the coffee-burner.

The Baroness proceeded to the drawing-room, her left hand linked in that of the Baron's. She spoke to the cook while he went to shave himself. It was a remarkable and beautiful day. There was not even a light cloud in the sky. "Shall we not take a walk?" said the Baron to the Baroness, after she had had a long colloquy with the cook.

"Most willingly," was the answer of the lady.

But where did these two people go?

Good reader, they went out to walk in a very quiet and regular manner.

And had the Baroness a knitting-stocking with her?

No—she had only a parasol in her hand.

And might one know, most respectable author, whether it was a green parasol, or if not, what was its color?

It was green.

Well—we are glad to know even that much.

Now, as the Baron and the Baroness walked together, the day became very warm; and as it was very warm, the Baron grew very hot.

And the Baroness?

Why the Baron was a good deal fatter, and the Baroness was as cool as—if she had never written a story, and cared neither for the opinions of critics or readers. They then entered a green wood, where there were many trees growing close together, and that seemed to have made a previous agreement as to the manner in which they should spring from the earth. There breathed a sweet and gentle breeze through their damp leaves. In the midst of this wood there stood a hunting-lodge, in which the chief forester of the Baron dwelt. It was an exceedingly beautiful little mansion with green window-blinds, and a red-tiled roof, while at the gable end was proudly erected a noble deer's horns with not less than sixteen antlers. A young spotted and gentle deer ran out as if it were tame as a lap-dog, to greet the Baroness. "Oh! you sweet creature!" said the Baroness, as she stooped down to kiss it. The Forester was not at home, but his young daughter, the beautiful Rosa, came out and invited her lord and lady to enter the house. The Baroness declined to do so, and the Baron, who was a good-natured, kind-hearted, soft minded man, had nothing to say in opposition to his wife's whim, went with her again into the wood.

And why would not the Baroness condescend to enter the forester's house?

For the following reason. At the time that she, as bride, made her first appearance in the guard-room of the Castle, and when all the vassals were received and introduced to her, the little Diana, Miss Rosa, had burst unceremoniously into the room, and animated with joy, with surprise, with pleasure, all glowing with delight, she ran up to the Baron and kissed the Baron's hand, and then that of the Baroness, that she had not seen before. Now, at that very moment, and with such an occasion, the Baroness observed that a strong color flushed up into the Baron's cheeks, and that there was a certain embarrassment in the manner in which he sought to withdraw his hand from the salutation of the maiden.

I must own that the observation that she made was exceedingly disagreeable to the Baroness. While as to the Baron, the truth must be told, that the reason why he turned red was this—that he had not seen the forester's daughter for two years, and he was altogether overcome with astonishment to perceive that in that short space of time, a mere child had grown up into an exquisitely beautiful maiden. He saw that she whom he had looked upon as a mere girl had, in so short a space of time, acquired the most sweet, soft, animated, gentle, antelope eyes, that her lips were red and delicious as the apple—her cheeks tinged with the delicate red of the wild rose, her little teeth white as the May-bell, a foot small and neat as that of the fawn, and a shape that was faultless; he felt then ashamed—he who thought that beauty was a queen to whom all men should bow—could condescend to kiss his hand merely because he was a Baron, and her father his inferior. This was his feeling, and acting upon it—what circumstances arose from it!

The bride and bridegroom proceeded on their way. The Baron wished so to regulate their walk that at twilight they should arrive at the temple, and hear the nightingales. The scene was quiet and still as it had been the evening before, and there were no cock-chafers to annoy the Baroness.

On the third day, the Baron wished to go by the forester's lodge to the temple. The Baroness declined doing so, as she said the walk was too long for her. They therefore went by the straight road, which every one knows is the shortest at all times.

As they arrived near to the temple, they perceived some one sitting on the bench. That person turned round—it was Rosa!

Now, as I am under a conscientious obligation to state everything plainly and distinctly, that I know; I feel bound to add, that the instant the Baroness knew who it was, she, with the quickness of lightning, cast a glance at her husband. The Baron went up to the maiden, and said, "Rosa, what brings you here?"

Rosa stood up and replied, "I am very fond of listening to the nightingales, and here it is that their notes are heard most distinctly."

"Think you so, indeed, little maiden!" said the Baron kindly, as he pinched her cheek. The Baroness turned round as if she would quit the temple, and then she said in French to the Baron, that it might not seem well in the presence of an inferior to stop and listen to the nightingales.

The maiden, however, had been taught French by her father, who had learned it in the long wars of Germany against France, and the instant the observation was made, she became red as the setting sun, that then shone upon her—and she rushed from the temple, as if the angel with the flaming sword was pursuing her.

She swept by the Baron light as an odorous and rapid breath of wind. The Baroness, gently smiling, sat down on the wooden bench.

The collected nightingales began their evening song, and the good Baron seeming to wish that his ears were an ell long, stood listening to them. At length the Baroness raised herself from her seat, and said pretty loudly to him, "The evening becomes damp, my love."

The Baron started as if from a dream. He presented his arm to the lady, and both in silence proceeded to their home.

They sat down to tea, and as the Baron placed the first buttered bun in his mouth, he looked at the Baroness. She had taken up the second piece of sugar, and looked at her lord. She became very red; but the Baron did not perceive this, for the dark shade of the lamp prevented him from seeing her face distinctly, but then he noticed that instead of putting the sugar into her cup, she flung it into the slop-bowl. This the Baron saw very distinctly, and yet he said not a word about it.

CHAPTER III.

MANAGING A HUSBAND.

The next day!—what should the young married couple do but go and walk again? It was the Baroness that this time proposed a walk. And yet that was surely the husband's duty, for he knew every road and path in the entire neighborhood. But then he did what he was asked, for it was his desire to please. The Baroness was as worthy of his love as ever. None knew better than she did how to narrate an anecdote—how to banter, to joke, to ask a question at the proper time—to point out a beauty in nature—to be astonished at a trifle, and to laugh at—nothing at all. Thus it was that she induced the Baron to be led about like a little lamb, and to gambol after her, and not until the night had completely closed in did he observe that it was the first evening he had been without hearing his favorite nightingales.

The Baroness soon dispersed this little cloud, by a gentle permission to the Baron to take that evening a glass of brandy in his tea—that which three days before had been positively prohibited by her.

For three or four days successively had the good Baroness with ceaseless care, provided for the amusement of her husband. She had various manœuvres all at the same time playing through her little brain, and the Baron yielded to all, because he remembered the small glass of brandy that was each morning promised to him, and that each evening was duly given. Willingly, indeed, would he have listened to his nightingales; and at last the Baroness wisely observed that one ought not always to remain in the house. She did not say a word about the nightingales; but the Baron proposed they should go to his beloved little temple. The kind Baroness assented with a wonderful alacrity. And now I must add that she had calculated the time and the season well, for when they came to the hill and listened, they could hear nothing; for nightingales do not sing all through the year—a fact of which the Baron, as a connoisseur, ought to have been cognizant.

What, then, did the Baroness gain by withholding from her husband his cherished amusement?

That is a point on which the Baroness must have been better informed than any one else. The Baron having vainly listened for a long time, stood up, frowned, and said in an angry voice, "My coffee this morning was made a great deal too weak."

The Baroness, who had never been told any thing by her governess of the wonderful "association of ideas," no sooner heard this exclamation than she burst into a loud laugh; and yet what the Baron said was quite true—his coffee had that very morning been made a great deal too weak.

The Baroness was a shrewd thinker, and long before the next day, she thought much on what had first astonished her—the meaning of the foolish words that her husband had said; and therefore she said to him the following morning—unconscious, of course, as to the association of ideas—that "she should like to go to the forester's house."

The Baron was exceedingly delighted to hear this: it is difficult to say wherefore. Upon hearing the word, he instantly laid down the knife, with which he was cutting a piece of bread, and in a very cordial manner, he begged of the Baroness to cut him a slice; for in that which he attempted to do for himself he was very awkward—the bread being too thick, or the butter too much. The Baroness laughed, and proposed herself to cut him a most exquisite piece of bread and butter.

"But, then," said she, as she shaved a transparent chip of crumb from the loaf.

"What, then, my angel?" asked the Baron, with a very dubious feeling.

"But, then—," continued the Baroness, as she loosened a large leaf from the butter that was swimming in the water, and laying it on the bread—"But then—the way there is so long, and wearisome."

"We can ride," the Baron promptly repeated.

"You know," replied the Baroness, as she laid the butter smooth on the bread with a most particular care, and without raising her eyes from that on which she was engaged; "You know that I do not like riding."

Now, the Baron thought he knew to the very contrary of all this, and was thinking, believing himself justified in so doing, of beginning to wonder at such a statement; but the Baroness did not give him time to do so, for as she presented him with a perfect specimen of a cut of bread and butter, she added, "Let us rather, my darling, go to the mill."

"Willingly," said the Baron in a tone that was marked by no peculiar accent, and he left untouched the bread which his affectionate wife had presented him with her own fair hand.

And thus, through the most agreeable management, and the most carefully-constructed shuffling on the part of the Baroness, she had never again, during the entire summer, to pay a visit to the forester's house. And yet while they kept away from that place, the Baroness seemed to feel a particular pleasure in going to the temple on the hill, for the birds were not heard any longer to sing there.

But why did the Baron attach so much importance to the forester's house?

I assure you, gentle reader, on my honor as an author—and that is worth a groat, at all events—that he only wished to see it because there was associated with it the early thoughts of his boyhood. It was there he had stolen the first apples, and there, too, he had snapped the first fruit.

But now the leaves began to turn yellow, and at length to wither away. Persons of rank thought only of returning to the city. All ideas of foresters and nightingales were to be given up for some months. Visits took up a great deal of their time, and the entertainment of their friends a great deal more. They were now living in Vienna. They went to theatres, to concerts, and to balls. They danced, they sung, and they played. They made many new and pleasant acquaintances. The young Baroness soon became the idol of the society in which she moved. The Baron felt proud on her account. He was flattered, caressed, and courted because so lovely and attractive a woman was united to him. This was his delight; but then it must be added that the wheel of life whirled around too rapidly for his quiet mind and easy disposition—and yet he endured it all, for he thought on the quiet, calm, and repose of the summer, and the song of the nightingales trembled, like soft and seraphic music, in his heart.

Scarcely, then, had the severe winter cold slightly abated, when the Baron one day, with joyful countenance, gave his opinion in favor of a trip to the country, when the Baroness, with great cheerfulness, and pointing her finger roguishly at him, merely said, "You little rogue."

March at last appeared, and with a particularly warm aspect. The green was bursting out on every side. The Baron's thoughts were too great and big for his heart. He felt as if he could sing like one of his own favorite birds. Delighted, he therefore said to the Baroness, on a particularly calm and beauteous day—"When, my beloved, do you think of returning to our country seat?"

The Baroness shook the silken ribbons that bound her head, and sagely remarked, "It is still too soon. You cannot trust to this seemingly blue sky."

The Baron, who was a very kind and obedient husband, said nothing then; but in a fortnight afterward he returned, and sung the same ditty for her.

CHAPTER IV.

MORE MANAGEMENT—THE DENOUEMENT.

The Baroness said several things that were difficult of comprehension. For instance: she, as a young wife, had many things to think about; she did not like to trust herself at that particular period in the lonely mountains; a person might be deceived in their expectations, but—she could not very well say all she thought—there was no knowing as yet—she required to have a little repose in the city—it might be well to remain with her female friends—and so forth.

The Baron enraptured fell at her feet. She put her finger to her lips, and counselled him to be silent.

And so passed off all that summer, and winter came again without—the Baron having heard the nightingales.

The Baron it must be owned was an exceedingly good-hearted man. The spring and the summer passed away, without his enjoying those amusements in which he most delighted; but then he thought that his wife was worth all the universe besides, and he remained perfectly quiescent, if not altogether pleased.

At last the second spring appeared, and the Baron ventured to make a submissive allusion to his castle in the mountains.

The Baroness, however, who was, as I have said, a very astute person, and found the ground now opened before her to be very slippery and dangerous, at once said briefly and shortly "No."

To be candid, as I have been during the entire of this perfectly true story, I must declare, that she did not exactly and precisely, or distinctly, utter the "No;" but she caught hold of the bell-rope the instant the Baron had finished his observation; asked the servant if the horses were put to, and then, as if in a frightful hurry, desired them to be brought round; blew a kiss with her hand to the Baron, and rushed out of the room without answering a single word.

In that very moment the Baron believed he could read, as plainly as if it were printed, the word, "No."

He at length became piqued. "So," said he, "I am to be deprived of all my favorite occupation, and all my own amusements." He whistled about the room—he sat down in the chair that the Baroness had just risen from, and he thought of the country and its pleasures. Let me add, that the kind-natured man never once thought of the forester's hut.

At last he left the house in a bad temper. He went amongst some of his friends, and he amused himself greatly, and, for the first time, without the society of his wife.

This sort of conduct went on gradually increasing. An unpleasant feeling arose between two hearts, that led on to a cold estrangement from each other. It became now perfectly clear to the Baron, that the lovely wood-nymph had planted a thorn in the heart of his wife, that he could with a friendly hand at once remove. He would have done so; but the shade of mistrust on the part of a beloved being, to whom we have devoted our entire souls, covers the tender heart with a chilly, awful darkness; and difficult as the mist is to be removed, still the noble mind will take the first occasion to penetrate it with the warm beams of returning affection. Had the Baroness attended more to the dictates of her heart than the accuracy of her intellect, then would she have altogether escaped the estrangement of her husband, and never could it have been her lot to hear that the Baron had left the city ALONE, and set out on a journey to the mountains.

The Baroness was told, that her husband had left word, he was obliged to go upon a matter that could not be deferred; but the Baroness could well feel, that an irreparable chasm was at length formed between them. There ran through her entire frame a sudden thrill of agony. She felt as if a dagger had reached her heart, and that she must die beneath the stroke. Her womanly heart first swelled with tenderness, and then was ready to burst with the thought of some dire, some disproportioned vengeance to the injury that had been inflicted upon her. She felt that she had not the courage to follow her first and better feeling, which was quickly to ride after him, lovingly to sink on his breast, and by that one act to show that her heart was nobler and greater than her thoughts. Then there arose before her mind, as if a glaring computation of all the wickedness of her lord, until she had so grim a figure presented to her imagination, that she felt bound to own to her reason, it bore not the slightest resemblance to him. Then she and her fancied pride sunk down together; and neither being able to follow that which was good, nor adhere to what was bad, she wavered about in a dream of agony that struck to her inmost soul with all the pangs of reality. Three times did she order her horse to be brought and three times was it sent back again; ten times did she take up the pen, in order that she might pour forth her entire heart upon the paper, and ten times broke down all her energies. And then—what an extraordinary compound is a human creature!—as the Baron returned and walked into the room, she mastered her measureless cares, and she stood coldly before him. She! who but a minute before, in spirit, had flung, tenderly and dotingly, her arms around his neck! The Baron seemed to have expected no other reception, and said he wished for a bath, and would then speak to her.

Alas! why had not the Baroness, at that moment, one friend to interfere between them, and bring them in sweet and holy communion together. Why had she not one *tear* to effect this miracle! Yes, a single repentant tear in a proud mortal's eye is the most beautiful thing under heaven; it is the golden, glorious proclamation of a holy, pious, wondrous victory over one's self: for great must have been the battle in a proud heart; long and sore must be its struggle; much, very much, must it have battled with, trampled upon, and ground to dust of strong and rebellious passions, before it can pour forth in one sweet, round, inestimable pearl upon the cheek. The deadliest enemy must feel its power, when he sees it glimmer in the eye of his greatest foe; for it is the expression of a bruised, a kindly, and an humbled spirit.

The Baroness did not shed such a tear then; but she did in an hour afterwards, when her really honest and virtuous husband told her, that his only reason for visiting his castle was, as lord of his territories, to preside at the happy marriage of her forester's daughter.

W. B. M.

The Dream Land.

BY MISS M. MILES.

Silvery and bright are the floating clouds in the beautiful Dream Land.

Speak not!
I am far away in the land of dreams,
Wandering beside its golden streams
With those most dear!
The beautiful and bright of earth,
Whose music was around my path,
All! all are here.

Speak not!
Their voices low and bird-like fall,
Grief hath no shade, sorrow no pall,
In this fair land.
No cloud is on the sunny brow,
Estrangement's shadow dieth now,
From this bright band!

Speak not!
Earth has its hour of woe and blight,
Its flowers bloom, then fade from sight,
Darkness is there!
But in the Dream Land all is joy,
Shadow and cloud both pass away,
The stars are fair!

Speak not!
Lest the light words have been spoken,
The silver spell that bound me broken,
The happy trance die!
I'm off and dim those fairy bowers,
Here sunshine is e'er chased by showers
And bright hopes fly!

Conditionally Quiet.

A French gentleman was called up Saturday before the Criminal Court to rebut, by his testimony, the charge alleged against O'Brien, that he was a quarrelsome man.

"Do you know James O'Brien?" asked the District Attorney.

"Yeas," answered the witness, "yeas, vera well."

"Is he a wicked man?" said the District Attorney, "is he in the habit of fighting?"

"No," replied the witness, "he be no vera much fight."

"Then he is a quiet man?"

"Yeas, he be no-fight man—he be a quiet man—vera quiet *for an Irishman!*"

This testimony the District Attorney thought sufficient to upset the counter testimony, and the witness was permitted to withdraw.

A Terrible Time.

"Well, there's a cow over to our house." "What on airth is the matter, you little sarpent?" "Why, dad's drunk, mother's dead, the old cow has got a calf, puss is playing fiddle, the rats are dancing in a trap, Sal's got married and run away with all the spoons, Pete has swallowed a pine plank, and Luke's looked at the Aurora Borax till he's got the dilirium triangles. That ain't all mother." "What else upon airth?" "Rose spilt the batter pot and burnt the pancakes, and one of the Maltese kittens got her head into the molasses cup and couldn't get it out, and I'm pesty hungry—that's flat as a flatiron."

Books.

A cynic might say with some truth, that books are the receptacle of lies; for there are about as many falsehoods as truths contained in all histories. A dinner for authors was once given, and a loafer, who never wrote in his life, presented himself at the door.—The door-keeper exclaimed—"What!—you cannot be an author!" "Oh, yes," was the answer—"the author of several lies." "Go in, then: you are just like the rest of them," said the door-keeper.

Dr. Lardner's Lectures.

The Lectures of Dr. Lardner, in this city, are commanding a great deal of attention among the learned. As thousands of our readers, scattered over the Union, are denied the pleasure of listening to these eloquent and learned discourses, we select what we consider an able report of the best of the series for their perusal. It will be the more welcome, on account of part second, relating to Benjamin Franklin. We hope every reader of the Post will give it a careful perusal, which they cannot do, without being instructed.

PART FIRST—"THE STARS."

Dr. L. commenced this lecture as follows:—

Ladies and Gentlemen:—We have been recently engaged in the contemplation of the dimensions and arrangements of one particular system of worlds, of which the earth is a particular member. The magnitudes, the distances and other facts of that great subject, are sufficiently stupendous to oppress even the imagination of the poet, by the imagery suggested by what they bring before it. We now come to a different class of phenomena. A class of scenery compared with which the solar system sinks into insignificance; stupendous as is the scale on which it is contracted, and all that we consider grand in its vastness will shrink into a mere point when considering the subject on which we are about to enter.

So far as the Solar System is known to extend, we find its bounds limited within the orbit of Herschell, sweeping at the vast distance of 2000 million of miles from the sun. It is a natural question, "what is at the outside of this, in space," are there other globes beyond; has this planet any distant neighborhood? Does this remote space contain other beings? These are inquiries arising in every intelligent mind; and to which science has not given a direct answer. It has, however, supplied a great body of information; and though but of a negative kind, is still very interesting.

One thing is certain, that there must exist a vast chasm—a yawning void—or we should have had proofs of the contrary by its action on our system. Its sympathies would soon have determined any disturbance of gravitation visible to the keen eye of our astronomers. "For if any matter did exist beyond—then would the solar system feel it. For instance, Herschell (we mean the planet so called) would be attracted by it, and suffer either a retardation or an acceleration of his motion." The peculiar "instinct" of the astronomer would detect this, although invisible to our eyes.

We know this fact, too, because we can determine mathematicly the exact amount of mutual attractions among the planets; and this shows no disturbance, and, consequently, no matter beyond the bounds of the solar system, or at least, none so near as that 4000 millions of miles make any sensible difference; known by Herschell not being affected in any part of his vast orbit. But this is to assume that the fixed stars are not influenced by the force of gravitation. However, before we have settled this question, I shall prove that stars do obey fixed laws and are governed by the principle of gravitation.

It may be said that the planets are very heavy bodies, and not fit to serve as delicate tests in these inquiries. But science supplies us with others, as refined in operation as is the electrometer. Now, if an experimental philosopher has "feelers," so subtle as his electroscope, so has the solar system its feelers, which it throws millions of millions of miles across the abyss. These are the comets. The orbit of one is far beyond the planets, and being so light does not exercise any sensible gravitation. Had this body met with any matter beyond the solar system it would have been attracted by it, and never have returned. Whereas, we know that it has arrived to the very day. This, alone, is a conclusive proof that nothing sensibly heavy exists within any appreciable distance in the dark abyss.

Here, Dr. Lardner observed, that this did not deny the idea of universal gravitation, which supposes the solar system to be but part of a great whole; and that it moves, in its turn, round the great universal centre. We are not conscious of such a motion any more than we are of the motion of a track boat in which we are floating.

He would next proceed to show the direct means of measuring the distances of the fixed stars; or, at least, to determine the distance in which they are *not*. Dr. L. then described again the mode of ascertaining inaccessible distance, by taking "bearings" from opposite ends of a known base, and arriving at the result by simple calculation.

The astronomer does the same. He takes a base as the case requires—at one time he takes the diameter of our earth, in determining the distances of bodies in our system, but he need not observe that the earth is a mere atom compared with the distance to the fixed stars. Vain, therefore, would it be to follow such a course. The astronomer is too well prepared. He takes a scale of a large magnitude. What does he do? He considers his condition in creation—his position in the Universe, and the astronomer takes his stand at opposites of the earth's orbit, a diameter measuring 200 millions for his base. Thus on the 1st of January is one point. Six months afterwards he knows that he has been transported to that immense distance. He sees how superior is his position, and he takes a vast survey, one showing the whole solar system shrinking to a point. [Dr. L. showed a diagram representing the diameter of the earth's orbit, and line of sight passing from each extremity to a star in the firmament.] The astronomer chooses the largest and brightest star as being supposed nearest to the earth. Taking an observation at this star from one end of the diameter, say on the 1st of January, he notes its bearing, (or the angle which the line of sight forms with a horizontal line.) Six months afterwards he takes a second observation, notes its bearing, and, naturally, expects that such a base will show some difference in the two results. But what is the fact? No discoverable difference, as if the Earth had never moved at all.

This mode of examination has been tried on many stars with unremitting assiduity for more than a century, and every trial has returned the same answer—the same as the earth not moving at all.

This startling fact was considered formerly as a conclusive proof against the motion of our Earth round the sun. For it would, said they, be impossible, if the Earth moved through an orbit of such magnitude, not to perceive a difference of position with reference to the stars. This assumption may be illustrated by a familiar example. It is to suppose a grain of chalk so small as to bear the same proportion to the diameter on this diagram, that the Earth does to that of her orbit. On this place an animalcule endowed with intellect, and so minute as to have a proportion to the former which man bears to the latter. Let it observe the bearings, and the chalk alone to be carried to opposite points, the animalcule would observe no difference, and exclaim, "Oh, the grain does not move, or I should see it." Thus reasons men about the question. The error lies in our standard of measurement. The solar system itself is as diminutive to the Universe, as the smallest point is to our loftiest conceptions.

But the Earth does move round the sun. No intelligent person doubts it. It is proved by direct and positive evidence, and being so it requires us only to admit that the bearings thus taken differ by an amount too small to be within the limits of observation, with any instruments we at present possess.

It may be next asked, what are these limits of our instruments? They are less than two seconds of a degree; so that if any difference do exist, it must be less still; and we know, also, that a star showing a less difference must be farther off than one showing a superior difference. Now as the distance of 200 millions of miles makes no perceptible difference, the nearest fixed star must be more than 200,000 times the distance of the sun from our Earth; but how much farther, calculation does not inform us. It must be, therefore, an amount represented by 2 and 13 cyphers, 20,000,000,000,000, or twenty millions of millions of miles.

That such a number should overwhelm the minds of a popular assembly cannot be surprising, when we are told that philosophers are oppressed by attempting to form any conception. So much so that they are obliged to use a different notation to express the calculation, not speaking of millions of miles, but of time and light.

It has been already explained that Light moves with the astonishing velocity of 25,000 miles in every second, and yet would it take about three years in travelling from the nearest fixed star to our earth. But the general estimate is higher than this; it makes the distance so great that Light would take, at least, five years to perform the journey. Thus, then, may we well say that the solar system is alone, when the chasm, separating it from the nearest body, is so vast that Light is so long in crossing it.

Not satisfied, however, with these researches, modern astronomers have gone farther, and have instituted a theory on which to explain the more particular nature of these glittering orbs.

You will say, how useless are these inquiries, for who can fly across the dreary void, and touch them, and know their nature and their very being? We must not measure the soarings of intellect by physical relations. There is in this great principle a lofty craving and a delight unknown to the mere properties of matter or daily experience.

Dr. Hyde Wollaston, a philosopher distinguished alike by his genius and the success of his refined and sagacious experimental inquiries, instituted a series of experiments, to prove the comparison between magnitude, distance, and splendor, between the sun and the heavenly bodies. He chose the brilliant star, Sirius, or the "Dog Star." First, he inquired how much light it emitted in comparison with the effluence from the sun, and then to find how many Dog Stars would be required to pass the flow of the heavens, to give an equality of illumination. This was determined by his beautiful photometric experiments. He contrived an instrument to measure the degree of intensity of light, and measured its amount according to the light-giving source. Thus if a lighted candle be removed to double the distance, it shows four times less light—at three times the distance, the light is nine times less, and so on, following the squares of the increasing distance.

Wollaston found that the sun's light was 20,000 millions of times greater than that of Sirius; and that the roof of the celestial vault would require an equal number of Dog Stars.

This now leads us to inquire how far must the sun be removed, to be equal to the size of Sirius? It is shown, by extracting the square root, that he must be removed to a distance of 140,000, where he would show the same size and brilliancy as that star. Hence, if the Dog Star be a body as bright as our sun, it must be at that distance. But we know that it is much farther off; therefore, Sirius must be a body of greater magnitude and light than our sun.

This does, indeed, prove the power of intellect, overleaping such a chasm and knowing the phenomena of light and heat, exhibited by bodies existing at such incalculable distances!

The vast range of modern telescopes has brought us great results. Particularly by the labors of the two Herschells. One fact is that many individual stars, as they seem to the eye, when magnified by a great power are as seen as double stars. Herschell presumed that these are stars *casually* in juxtaposition, and not *really* near to each other. One might be as far behind the other as this is from our earth, a mere accidental line of similar direction. He thought they would supply an accurate and ready means of discovering the distance of the earth from the fixed stars. For as these two stars had their lines of direction so near each other, they would seem to open and close as viewed from different points, so distant as the diameter of the earth's orbit.

But, as has so often happened in the history of physical science, we pursue some trifling purpose, and in our own course the Almighty seems to grant us an unexpected benefit in giving us the advantage of a great discovery. It was so in this case. Herschell was seeking the Parallax, and what did he find? GRAVITATION governing the MOTIONS of the FIXED STARS. A greatness of extension of this principle of which its illustrious author never dreamt. Herschell found that these double suns had a motion, and which must arise from a stupendous cause. These twin sun's were thus seen to have a motion beyond that of the earth, and round each other, and to have one common planetary system. They were discovered to obey the same laws as those discovered by Kepler, and this extending the doctrines of gravitation. Whilst multitudes of these twin suns moving round each other, surrounded by their system of planets, prove a harmony in universal nature which supplies the best argument for the existence of an UNITY: ONE POWER presiding over ALL.

An interesting feature of these double suns or stars, is their being of different colors. Looking at them through a powerful telescope we perceive that their two lights are harmonious, or will produce white light when blended. They are those termed "complimentary colors."

[Here Dr. L. darkened the theatre, and slowly unfolded an illuminated portion of the starry Heavens. Its striking beauty called forth several rounds of applause from the whole auditory.]

"Imagine your eyes to be converted into telescopes," continued the Doctor, "and in this you have such a view as would be shown in the field of such an instrument. You perceive here are many double stars, but there are hundreds besides." He pointed to a pair of double stars, and observed that one was colored green and the other red. They are, also, of many other colors.

Sir John Herschell, scarcely less a poet, than as the most distinguished among astronomers, speaks of such a pair of suns and surrounding planets, having two mornings and two evening settings. One sun will be green, and there will be a green sky. The other sun rising soon after, will harmonise the colors, and shed a flood of common light. The green sun will also set first, leaving the planets the beauty of a red evening, whilst the opposite colors of morning and evening will also prevail in their turn. (Loud applause.)

PART SECOND—BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

"Of all branches of physical knowledge which may be said to be most recent, is that of Electricity. In 1730, facts began to be first gathered into something like principles; and the distinction of bodies into those of conductors and non-conductors, was then discovered. Philosophers found that the property of the former was to carry electricity through or over their substance, whilst the latter, supplied the means of insulation, or that a body containing electricity might, by being supported on them, be able to retain it. These were all the discoveries made till about 1746. It is true there were electrical machines, but only of the old construction. This year was signalised by a discovery with which we are all so familiar—*the shock*. It was discovered by Muschenbrock, and astonished all Europe. The astonishment and its physiological effects induced the Royal Society of London to take up the subject of electricity, as one worthy of the attention of philosophers.

In the succeding year, their Secretary sent to the other Scientific Societies, a circular explaining the subject, and containing a compend of rules for performing ordinary experiments with a glass tube, which accompanied the circular. These were such as charging a jar, giving a shock, sparkling, &c. Then, Philadelphia was not what it is now. But it possessed an infant Society, termed the American Philosophical Society, and known to the Royal Society of London, and the latter sent, accordingly a Tube and Rules. The members, on receiving them, cast their eyes over their small number of members to choose an individual most likely to examine the interesting subject further. The selected one, was a printer in Philadelphia, his name——— BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. (Loud cheers.) This took place in 1747, and did not remain long in such hands without bearing fruit. In the autumn of the same year, Franklin commenced a correspondence with London, lasting till the year 1752. Written in a simple and artless style, these letters astonished all Europe, as well as for the original views and excellence of their contents. No letters on philosophical subjects, have ever excited so much admiration.

But lest I be suspected of speaking the language of eulogy, springing from local causes, I may tell you that the very words are those of Priestly.

Soon after the event first spoken of, Franklin exhibited that peculiar turn of mind taken by those who have not been sufficiently disciplined in mental operations, in opposition to others, whose minds are disciplined in the English Universities. These examine every subject on every side, and form a theory the last of all, whilst the former theorise at once. As soon as he sees a new fact he is perfectly uneasy till he disburthens himself by finding a reason. Thus Franklin was eager to promulge a theory as soon, almost, as he commenced to try electrical experiments. And that a theory founded on such scanty data should be believed for half a century, is not more surprising than it is honorable to his genius and sagacity.

Franklin's theory was simple. He supposes electricity to be a single fluid diffused through all bodies, and in a quantity which produces effects, and is termed its "natural share." If a body lose any of this portion it exhibits certain effects, and is said to be negatively electrified; if it receive a portion more the body is positively electrified. This theory is also called the plus and minus.

But as mathematical researches became more extended and refined, the simple theory of Franklin was found deficient. Dufay proposed another, explaining electrical phenomena, on the existence of two fluids, one positive and the other negative. In a natural state, bodies contain portions of both these fluids; and if one be removed the other acts, and the results are in accordance. It was the simplicity, clearness and candor of Franklin's theory, which obtained and maintained the world's respect.

Franklin had a singularly sagacious mind. He followed the inductive method as closely as Newton, or Bacon himself could have done. His mind had a singular craving for utility. Every fact suggested the inquiry, "To what use for mankind, can this be turned?" This was Franklin's idiosyncracy, almost to a fault. For there is a beauty and a lofty harmony in nature far higher, for intellectual pleasure, than mere suiting of our daily convenience. A higher purpose than utility. It is to convert the Universe into a Book, on the pages of which we read the will and purpose of its Maker, and which we cannot read elsewhere. Had Franklin been a member of a foreign University, he would have been less likely to push on so rapidly.

But such a mind, restless and unquiet, till he found that he could turn the powers of conductors to some account, was the more likely to lead to his grand discovery of lightning rods. Had he been better acquainted with mankind, he would not have sent, in one of his letters to the Royal Society, proposals to draw lightning from the clouds. It was received with a derisive laugh, and quietly laid aside, in pity to the weakness of his presumption.

But Franklin pursued his purpose, unconscious of their ridicule. In 1750, he sent sent full instructions to Europe to draw lightning, and in which he asserted his conviction that it might be handled with impunity. This led, no doubt, to the sneers just mentioned.

In the mean time Franklin waited for a spire to be built in Philadelphia, on which he might raise his observatory. But the idea of the kite occurred to his mind, and he tried the experiment on a moor near this city, in June, 1752. You are all aware that he performed all the usual experiments with ordinary electricity.

There lived in Europe, a distinguished philosopher named Volta, the inventor of the galvanic pile. He died not long ago. It is the custom of the French Institute, on the decease of a distinguished member, to read a memoir or panegyric of the defunct, composed by the ablest of the number. Arago, the present Astronomer Royale, was chosen for this purpose. He takes a retrospect of electrical history up till 1831 or '2. In speaking of Franklin, he says, "as for the much boasted Philadelphia experiment, not much need be said, as it is perfectly useless. Besides drawing lightning from the clouds, had been achieved centuries before by the bayonets of the Roman soldiers, and by sailors who have observed the little electrical stars on the points of rigging. These, therefore, are entitled to the merit, if there be any. Nor is it due to Franklin on recent grounds, but to D'Alibert who performed the experiment a month before Franklin."

But says Arago, "I claim no credit for France, the matter is so entirely valueless. Besides, it was pointed out early in the last century by the Abbe Nollet in his elements."

Being engaged in writing a work on this subject, I will, says Dr. L., show you the truths as they existed; and allow me to state that facts are not always truths—this depends on the manner in which they are stated.

Franklin wrote a letter to London, pointing out the various points of agreement between lightning and common electricity, and thus if two agents be equal so far, is it not just to admit their physical identity? Nollet's book, on the contrary, though published in 1747 or 1749, expressed only a naked conjecture leading to no results, and such has been done by Grey, and others before.

Franklin's letter was printed and sent to Paris and given to D'Alibert, and he having money and some curiosity, caused a sentry box to be placed on an elevation in which all Franklin's directions could be followed. He did not perform the experiments himself, but selected a carpenter to attend to them, putting the rules of Franklin into his hands, telling him to be careful to follow Franklin's directions.

On the 10th of May, D'Alibert, being then in Paris, the Carpenter seeing a thunder cloud approach his apparatus, he hastens to it, applies a brass knob, and receives a shock from it. He immediately ran to the next village and brings the *Cure*. They perform all Franklin's experiments together—and the Cure sits down and writes a *proces verbal*. This is sent to D'Alibert, and thence to London, and was printed by the Royal Society.

Franklin performed his experiments early in June, so that Arago tells the strict truth in saying that D'Alibert was first; but how much of the merit of this great discovery belongs to him?

Franklin was also the discoverer of electrical induction. This is explained by bringing an excited tube near an insulated conductor, with a little tassel of silk at the opposite extremity. The approach of the former causes the fibres to expand, although no electricity enters the conductor. It is a disturbance of the natural share, and not any addition to its quantity. [This is worth mentioning only because Dr. L. does not recollect Franklin having yet received the credit for its discovery.]

The last point I shall mention is the discovery that a clear atmosphere is always charged with positive electricity. This beautiful suggestion was confirmed by Volta; Franklin gave the reason for it being the process of evaporation. Water assuming the state of vapor combine with more than its natural share of electricity, thus leaving the earth negative and making the atmosphere positive.

Volta's experiment delighted all Europe. He took a glass vase and poured in hot water, thus as the steam ascended electricity would be taken from the water, which would become in a negative state. "If so," says Volta, "I can test it by attaching a metal chain to the water, and to a delicate electroscope." To the pleasure of Volta, he found the leaves to diverge as soon as the circuit was complete, and thus proving the existence of a negative condition. He discovered still further that the result did not arise from simple evaporation, but was caused by a solution of certain minute portions of saline matters. (Continued applause.)

PART THIRD—STEAM POWER.

[This part opened with some beautiful models and machines in motion.]

The first attempts to apply steam power to the purposes of life, which I shall now briefly illustrate, by reference to these models, though not exactly like what I shall speak of, was the Atmospheric Engine.

This invention was made by two humble mechanics, Newcome and Savary, a glazier and a blacksmith, living at Dartmouth, in Kent. It consists of a cylinder with a piston playing up and down in it. A steam boiler appended, and opening to the bottom of the cylinder, the top of which was open to the atmosphere. There was also another opening at the bottom for the efflux of condensed steam. The cylinder was also covered with another to contain cold water at certain times.

The action of the engine was this. Steam was admitted from the boiler into the cylinder below the piston—which it raised—the connection with the boiler was shut, and cold water admitted into the space between the two cylinders, the inner one was cooled, and the steam condensed so that a vacuum was almost produced. The pressure of the atmosphere acting on the top of the piston, forced it down with a force of 15 pounds on every square inch. Steam was again admitted, and so on, thus producing a succession of upward and downward motions.

The means thus used were very simple; and requiring only a man to open and shut the valve.

Another excellent contrivance, by a lad who was set to open and shut the valve of such an engine: Such were called valve boys. It happened that this little fellow was more addicted to play than to this monotonous employment. He noticed the descent and ascent of the great beam was uniform with the opening and shutting of the valve, and he thought if he attached strings to the beam that it would open and shut the valve in regular course. He made the contrivance, and it answered; and he was at liberty to play, leaving the engine to take care of itself. It was observed also by the boy's employers that the engine performed much more regularly than usual, and he was positively praised for his attentive diligence, (much laughter.) However, soon afterward the truth came out, by the engine being caught doing its own work, (a laugh.) Humphrey Cottom was the name of the boy who first converted the steam engine into an automaton. A great and beautiful contrivance!

But, in the history of the Steam Engine, there is much to give us a due sense of humility; for many of its discoveries have been made by unlettered men, or by accident. In one instance, the engine was found to work much more rapidly than usual, and on taking off the top of the cylinder, a small hole was discovered, near the bottom of the inner one, through which a jet of cold water had issued amongst the steam, and condensed it more perfectly. And thus was the admirable improvement of a jet of cold water thus used, instead of the space surrounding the cylinder, the result of accident.

It was but little improved till 1783, when it fell into the hands of a man whose mind was such as to leave indelible proofs of its greatness to future generations. This was JAMES WATT, a working mathematical instrument maker, connected with the university of Glasgow. There happened to be among the models one of a steam engine, which wanted some repairs; and was, accordingly, put into the hands of Watt. He saw immediately that the principle of this engine was full of blunders. He saw that an expanse of steam equal to five times that required to work the weight of the work, was lost on cooling and heating the cylinder itself.

Watt was fully aware of the great value of this engine to the mineral relations of Great Britain, and if he could save three or four parts of the steam, he would render the engine so much abler and cheaper. He pondered the matter over on his pillow, till the idea rushed at once into his mind, of the necessity for cooling the steam in a separate chamber, whilst the cylinder continued to remain hot.

"The moment the idea was fully formed," said Watt, "I felt the rush of the complete improvement of the steam engine as I now leave it."

But a mixture of steam and cold water would soon fill the chamber, and Watt applied a pump, worked by the beam, to draw it out. This is termed the Air Pump, from its also removing any superfluous air.

Another pump was added to draw cold water from a well, so as to keep the chamber and cistern always cool.

Dr. L. stated he should treat the subject of Steam Engines more fully in his next, when the models would be brought to the front of the stage. And he suggested the advantage of opera glasses for distant auditors, as many parts were necessarily small.

[Loud and continued applause followed this conclusion of our interesting entertainment.]—*Daily Chronicle.*

To Celia.

BY BEN JONSON—BORN, 1574.

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise,
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honoring thee,
As giving it a hope that there
It could not wither'd be.
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And send'st it back to me;
Since when it grows and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.

Ignorance in England.

The ignorance of our population is perhaps a more pressing evil than even their poverty. It is not merely from want, but from the contempt and neglect which accompany want, and from the sense of injustice which it too often suggests, that misery and discontent arise. Self-respect, and the power of distinguishing between unavoidable and artificial evils, would do much to reconcile men to any lot, even where prudence is useless. The propositions which the working classes use to express their feelings, it is impossible not to despise; and though the contempt ought never to be extended to those feelings, it will often include them, and always seem to the sufferers to do so. They cry out with equal vehemence against the neglect which leaves them in blindness, and the pride which denies that they can see; conscious that there is a defect on their own part, but regarding the authors of their ignorance as estopped from using it as an argument. If the great manufacturing bodies were once initiated into the rudiments of political and economical knowledge, and familiar by reading with the ordinary applications of logic, they would cease to suspect the existence of a contempt which they would feel to be unreasonable. Nor is it possible to say how far the diffusion of intellectual cultivation might diminish poverty itself. All our greatness and wealth and civilization are the produce of a few individuals in each age, forming a part of a class which is itself a small minority of the nation. An ordinary calculation of chances must lead us to the conclusion, that there will be a larger number of wise and able men among twenty millions than among a hundred thousand. If we could substitute respect for themselves and others, in the place of envy and hatred, such as we see in every page of the Corn-law Rhymes, and similar productions of genius acting on half-knowledge, we should look with confidence to the working classes for information on the political and social questions in which they are themselves chiefly concerned.—*British and Foreign Review.*

Oh Do Not Wanton.

Oh do not wanton with those eyes,
Lest I be sick with seeing;
Nor cast them down, but let them rise
Lest shame destroy their being.

O be not angry with those fires,
For then their threats will kill me;
Nor look too kind on my desires,
For then my hopes will spill me.

O do not steep them in thy tears,
For so will sorrow slay me;
Nor spread them as distract with fears;
Mine own enough betray me.

Banks.

"Tommy, my boy," said an anxious sire to his learned but juvenile son—"Tommy, what part of speech is a bank?"

"A bank is—is—a bank is," said the youthful grammarian, running his digits to and fro through his hair, that overhung his forehead—"a bank is a negative adverb, pa, because as how it denies the active verb *to pay*."

"You are wrong, Tommy;—but I'll try you again. What part of speech is 'resumption'?"

"It's a verb, sir."

"No, Tommy; it's a noun."

"It aint a noun either, sir, because a noun is something of which we have a notion, and we haint any notion that there's going to be a resumption of specie payments."

"Go away, Tommy; your master is spoiling you;—I must send you to college." [*Exit Tommy.*]

[*Solus by the father.*]—"That Tommy is a boy of bright ideas! If he don't be President, he'll be at least a member of Congress."

Juvenile Department.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Geographical Enigma.

I am composed of 17 letters.
My 1, 6, 12, 14, is a village in Athens Co. Ohio
My 3, 9, 16, 13, 10, 6, is a town in Franklin Co. Pa
My 4, 10, 6, 15, 9, 15, is one of the Bahama Islands
My 2, 15, 4, 12, 13, 16, 17, is a town in Casey Co. Ky
My 5, 8, 4, 8, 13, 9, is a town in New York.
My 7, 11, 12, 13, 17, is a town in Huron Co. Ohio
My whole is the name of a College.
A solution is requested. CYRUS DONAGHUE.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Enigma.

I am composed of 9 letters.
My 9, 5, 3, is a small fiddle
My 6, 1, 7, 3, is a utensil.
My 4, 5, 1, is an exclamation
My 8, 2, 5, 3, is to sprout.
My 1, 5, 3, 2, is the principle part.
My whole is the name of a disease.
An answer is requested. W. G. BRANTAN.

Answer to the Enigma of sixteen letters in last week's paper—TERENTIUS LUCANUS.

Answer to the Enigma of fourteen letters in last week's paper—STEPHEN DECATUR.

Farmers Department.

Culture of Sugar Beets and Mangel Wurtzel.

As the culture of both these varieties of beets is precisely the same, we shall treat both under one general head. And before we proceed to lay down our plan of treatment, we will say to our agricultural brethren, that if they consult their interest, or give heed to the comfort of their milch cows, they will at once proceed to make arrangements for entering into the culture, though their first experiment may be made upon but a single acre. At three pounds to the acre, that quantity of ground will produce upwards of a thousand bushels, and when we say that we have seen beets, of either variety weighing more than *twenty* pounds, we think we cannot be charged with exaggeration when we assume three pounds as the average weight of an acreable product. With this brief introduction, we shall now proceed to give such directions as we believe will ensure a good crop.

PREPARATION OF THE GROUND.—As soon as the ground is sufficiently dry for the purpose, it should be ploughed up with a strong team and heavy plough, as deep as possible. The ploughing completed, let the harrow reduce the clods by being passed over the ground lengthwise and cross-wise. The ground thus prepared should be permitted to remain until just before it is time for putting in the seed, when manure—well rotted is best—should be hauled on and evenly spread over the surface, at the rate of twenty double horse cartloads, say forty bushels each, to the acre. As spread, this manure should be ploughed in about three inches deep. As soon as this second ploughing is finished, the ground should be thoroughly harrowed to render the tilth fine, after which the roller should be passed over it, when it will be in a condition for seeding, which operation should be performed as soon thereafter as possible, as it is all-important to put the seed into a fresh bed.

TIME OF PLANTING.—For a general crop, from the middle of April to the 20th of May is the period when the seed should be sown, though good sized beets could be raised, in strong ground, at a much later period, say the last of May. We, however, recommend early planting.

OF THE SOIL.—The soil best adapted to the growth of beets, is a deep loam, or rich sand moderately dry.

METHOD OF PLANTING.—If you have a drilling machine, (and if you have not one we would advise you to get one,) all you will have to do is to put your seed in it, and after staking off your ground in rows *two feet* apart, to drill in your seed. But if you have no machine, then get a wide mouth bottle, or tin horn with the large end stopped, put your seed into one or the other, and after having a drill made an inch deep, go along the drill with your bottle or horn, in hand, and drop the seed therefrom, about four inches apart, let a hand follow the dropper with a rake, and cover over the seed as dropped, reversing the rake and pressing down the furrow with its back.

In this way, two smart, active hands could put in an acre a day. With a machine four acres may be put in the same time with ease. The machine makes the furrow, drops the seed, covers them, and rolls the ground all at the same time.

PREPARATION OF THE SEED, AND QUANTITY TO THE ACRE.—Make a decoction of horse dung, in sufficient quantity to *float* the seed, into this put in the proportion of four ounces of saltpetre to each gallon. In this soak the seed from twenty-four to forty-eight hours, when they will be fit for drilling. As you take them out for this purpose roll them in plaster; two pound of seed to the acre is about the right quantity, though one pound sowed with great care would answer.

AFTER CULTURE.—After the beets come up and are three or four inches high, let careful hands go through them and thin them out, so as to stand from eight to twelve inches apart in the rows. And as the beets generally come up double, one must be drawn out, otherwise they are liable to grow crooked, or lap over each other, and materially lessen the product. At the time this thinning is going on, the beets should have the ground stirred around them and between the rows, so as to loosen the earth, and cut up every vestige of weeds or grass.

If a small cultivator, eighteen inches wide, were to be procured, to run between the rows, it would lessen the cost of culture wonderfully, as then the hoes would only have to stir the earth around and between the roots. The great object in cultivating these roots, is to keep the grass and weeds down until the leaves expand sufficiently to repress their growth. In a word, keep the earth loose and clean but *never* hill. If the cultivator be passed three times through them, and the hoers weed between and around the roots that number of times effectually, the business of culture will be found to have been performed.

PULLING THE LEAVES.—Late in the summer, when pastures begin to decline, and afford but little succulent food to the milch cattle, the leaves of either of these beets will be found to furnish a most excellent resource, as they may be stripped of all their foliage except the crown leaves, without injury to the root, at least three times between that time and their being harvested. In stripping the leaves, they should be pinched off with the finger and thumb.

We have thus early called attention to this subject, in the hope that it may awaken a sufficient degree of enterprise to induce many to commence the culture, as we are certain that, if they but once make a beginning, they will continue it.—*American Farmer.*

Domestic Calls.

"My dear, we're out of tea to-day; I wish you'd call at Rice's,
And send some up, and have him bring besides a bit of cheese.
And, Mother says, the sugar, love, you got the other day,
Is quite too brown for marmalade, so send some more, I pray.
And soon you get—now don't look grave, and knit your brow and pout;
You know I never ask a thing that we can do without."
She looked so wishful in my face, and smiled so sweetly then
The brow relaxed,—the lip uncurled,—I was unmanned again.
I used to like a little song, and press my wife to sing;
I never dreamed the consequence of doing such a thing—
Alack a day, the wants each morn are poured into my ear
From every verse the chorus rings, "Pray send some up my dear."
But oh! this "out of" song she sings, does put me out of cheer;
For I am getting out of purse, and credit too, I fear;
And out of hope, and out of peace, and patience, I must own,
And I shall soon be out of sense, and out of house and home.
Oh! for the times, the good old times, when Indian bread and beer;
With mush and milk, and dried cod, and pork, were called good cheer—
Then men were men, and did not dread to hear the wants of home,
And all went cheeringly along, at farming, or the loom.

M. J. G.

An American Folly.

We have seen it frequently stated in paragraphs and in books, that the Americans in Europe are noted for extravagance in dress, undue pretensions, and love of show. If this be true, it indicates a most ridiculous vanity, to say nothing of very bad taste. The Paris correspondent of the National Intelligencer, in a recent letter, says, that at a late presentation of some Americans at the French Court, one of them reminded his Majesty that he was an acquaintance, and the King remarked, with a sly expression of face, "Why, yes, I did not know you at first, dressed up so; but I shall always be glad to see you in any costume." Mr. Walsh goes on to say that he has held of late conversations with a very intelligent American traveller, who has surveyed, within the three years past, nearly all the communities of Germany, and who testifies that, in general, there is considerably less of luxury and show, pretension and style, than in our United States, Atlantic and Western alike. There is unquestionably great room for improvement, at home, in these particulars. To say that our habits of living and of dressing are extravagantly expensive, would be nothing to the purpose with many—because it is for that very reason that they indulge in them, or seek to do so. It seems to be regarded as the highest point of social rank to be able to spend money profusely. Of course, it will be done by those who can afford it, and will be attempted by many who cannot afford it. Can good taste, true refinement, fitness, and propriety, do nothing in the way of establishing a better standard? Simplicity, the most charming of graces, in her union with elegance, requires no lavish adornments, no gaudy decorations. It is a vulgar ambition that aims at a splendor which indicates nothing but an unmeaning glare, or a mere show to strike the eye.

Song.

BY JOHN FLETCHER—BORN, 1576.

Take, oh take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn;
But my kisses bring again,
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.

Hide, oh hide those hills of snow,
Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow
Are of those that April wears;
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee.

A Choice Sermon.

A capital story is told of a minister somewhere down east, who, being somewhat given to laziness, was in the habit of drawing frequently upon a barrel of sermons, bequeathed to him by his father, who was also a minister. Upon one occasion, the young divine got hold of a sermon once delivered to the state prison *convicts*; and, taking it for granted, from the well known language of his father, that it would be appropriate, decided, without examination, to make use of it on the next Lord's day.

The Sabbath came—the congregation assembled—the worthy deacons were all in their places—and the preaching commenced. All went well for a time, and the audience were becoming deeply interested, when all at once the clergyman surprised them with the information that "if it had not been for the clemency of the Governor, every one of them would have been *hung long ago*!"

Excruciating.

We found the following item about Obadiah in some paper yesterday:

"What do you ask for this article?" said Obadiah, to a modest young Miss in one of our shops. "Fifteen shillings, sir,—it is a superb article." "You are a *little dear*, are you not?" said Obadiah. "Why, all the young men tell me so," she replied, dropping her eyes and blushing. Obadiah came straight away.